

THE  
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE  
AND  
MONTHLY REVIEW.

---

VOL. XLV. — JUNE, 1871. — No. 6.

---

REVELATION.

BY AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.

By revelation, I mean that direct manifestation of the divine truth to the human soul which is made, not through nature, or ordinary human experience, but by some providential agency, as of some high prophetic, spiritual genius, or some chosen Son of the divine power and love.

Not through nature, I say, for nature has many aspects which do not favorably represent Deity to the untutored mind, and which seem very strange, sometimes harsh, and often unlovely to the mind which has learned to reason well on things divine and human. Nature seems sometimes filled with a merciless spirit, which hurls destruction and death around on every hand. How terrible the sea often is, how awful the storm, the tempest, the tornado, the earthquake! They heed no entreaties. They listen to no prayers. Man is caught up and dashed to pieces, without regard to his cries and calls for help. Human love is nothing; human suffering excites no pity; human hope meets with no response. After the fearful experience of woe, there is a certain calmness and

peace, as though the elements, having done their worst, were gloating over the spoils which they had made. We have sometimes noticed how, after a day of unexampled terror and destruction by land and sea, the sun shines benignly out of the cloudless heavens, the serenity of the sky breathing repose, and an indescribable tranquillity pervading the scene. The winds are whist; the sea ripples smilingly to the shore, which yesterday its angry surges madly beat; the atmosphere is astonishingly clear and pure. Man, mourning the ravages which the storm has made, is almost disposed to feel that nature is mocking him, and refuses him even a single word or sign of comfort or compassion. Besides, nature seems hostile. Man conquers her only by hard work and severe effort, sometimes by painful sacrifice. She will not yield her fruits but by compulsion. The ever-beginning, never-ending struggle goes on, and will go on till man and nature are no more. Then also, to the scientific man, nature sometimes speaks more of laws and forces than of Deity, and he begins to inquire and doubt, if there be any creative energy, and inspiring power, within and behind the scheme of material things.

So with our ordinary experience of life. There are certain seasons of storm and tempest, when all things seem disturbed and at discord among themselves. There is no satisfaction in duty. There are no permanent results in labor. There are no joys to refresh and invigorate the soul. The dearest and most precious things of life are put in jeopardy, and love and trust in humankind end in bitter disappointment. Even aspiration is feeble. The soul can barely lift her wings. The spiritual vision is dark, and the eye strains itself in vain to pierce the shadows. Man stumbles, as he tries to walk the way of life. Still, in all this, he wishes and seeks for God, and if he finds him not, is bowed down with inexpressible grief. Then going out of himself, and moved by the impulse of worship, he kneels before the forces of nature which he does not understand, or cringes in awe of a Deity who has made his life-experience so miserable and dark.

Now, then, it is that man comes to need an interpreter, —

an interpreter of nature and of his own experiences. The interpreter comes, the Almighty Father speaks by prophetic lips, through prophetic souls, and he speaks by his Son. One great and very important fact of human history is, that there are some souls more enlightened than the rest. They stand upon a higher plane of spiritual knowledge and religious experience. They have been gifted with a keener and a deeper insight into the secret things of nature, of man, of God. They have divine communion. They enjoy the divine presence. They speak with God, as it were, face to face. Call it what you will. Give it what name you please. The fact is plain and patent. It may be inspiration. It may be spiritual genius. It may be a special illumination of the spiritual faculties, and a special commission to declare to their fellows, what these prophetic souls have been enabled to discover, to perceive and hear. Whatever may be its name, the power exists, and it has been exercised many times in the history of mankind. The prophet has not been wanting to his age. His message has been delivered in every language of the race. The tribes of men have responded gratefully to his voice. It may have been Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, David, the Hebrew prophets: last and greatest of all, it was Jesus Christ. Other revelations were imperfect and incomplete. Christ's truth was declared in its completeness, filling out all imperfections. Without disparaging any other teacher, and without detracting from the effect of any true word that had been spoken, Jesus would teach a truth so high in its nature, so deep in its foundations, and so broad in its results, as to comprehend all the needs of the human soul, and all the relations of God with man. Whatever opinion one may hold respecting the character and office of Jesus, his superiority in spiritual knowledge and power cannot be questioned. Well does James Martineau declare: "The clearness and beauty, with which he revealed that portion of the Deity that may dwell in man, proved the reality of holiness, cast to the winds the doubts that hung as foul mists around all that was divine, and drew it forth from

the world's background in colors soft as the rainbow, yet intense as the sun."

The need of revelation exists both in the nature of God and man. If God exists, he must of necessity make himself known. An infinite and almighty Being cannot keep himself within himself. If he possesses creative power he must create. If he has the attribute of omniscience, he must communicate a portion of his wisdom. It is manifestly impossible that he should shut himself up in some secret place, surround himself with impenetrable clouds and darkness, and refuse access to his presence. If God is, then must he pour his being out. He is the fountain of life, from which flow forth perennial streams. He cannot keep man in ignorance of his being, his spirit, and his truth. As well might we think that the sun could hide its beams, or retain within itself its heat. The light of God must shine into every place and the warmth of his love must everywhere be felt. So that Paul, in writing of the heathen world, was justified in saying, that the Gentiles were without excuse, "because, that which may be known of God is manifest within them: for God made it manifest to them. For, ever since the creation of the world, his invisible attributes, even his eternal power and divinity, being perceived from his works, are clearly seen."

An equal necessity exists for man's reception of the revelation. It is not, after all, so much because other lights are insufficient, and without this, man gropes in ignorance of himself and his relations with Deity, as because man's nature is such, that it necessarily takes fast hold upon the divine truth. Man, being as he is, must know something of God. He must communicate with his Creator, the Author of his being. He must in some way join on his life to the divine life. If one has ever noticed how plants grow, he will have observed that their roots reach down into the moist places of the soil, seeking out that which is most needful for their growth, and most congenial and helpful to their life. Nothing can stop them. The little delicate fibres will push their way through every obstruction, and even by their minute threads



will penetrate or undermine walls of heavy masonry. So also one has doubtless observed how the leaves and flowers above the soil stretch upward to the sunshine and the light, drinking in from all around them life and beauty and strength. The plant must get what most it needs from the earth and the air, and most diligently does it seek for it. If it fail, it is sapless, fruitless, weak, and must soon die. If it succeed, how bright and strong and full its life! So the soul of man, in its depths, reaches out to seek, to find, to know God; in its heights, stretches upward to unite itself with his perfection, to rejoice in his light and love. If it fail, how lifeless it becomes. If it succeed, how vital in its energy and its joy!

But the human soul cannot altogether fail. There is a truth of wonderful meaning in the word of the ancient record: "God created man in his own image." It is the truth which runs through all the course of human life. By its irresistible influence, exerted in all the secret places of man's being, and running through all the veins of his spiritual nature, man is perpetually seeking to know somewhat of his divine prototype. Accept then these two truths, that there is a divine Being, and that the human being is made in his image, and the conclusion must inevitably follow, that revelation is not only possible and probable, but also actually necessary. The two beings cannot exist without it.

The next question is, by what method does revelation become an actual fact? If man is created in the divine image, that image may well be said to be "planted and stamped in the centre of every heart." But it may also be said, that, in some instances, the impression is clearer and deeper than in others. The image is not equally perceptible in all. Alas, how very faint and obscure it sometimes is! We must not lose sight of the differences that exist in humanity, while we insist upon its essential similarities. There are some human souls which are very near to God, and some that are afar off. In the course of human life there has been an extraordinary illumination, now of one soul in this place, now of another in that, and, by this illumination, the glory of divine perfections has been perceived. There is nothing preternatural in this.

It is the most natural thing possible, that God should make himself known to some particular son of his, — some child more abundantly gifted than the rest. For this child is nearer to him than the rest: not, I mean, nearer to him as the special object of his love, but as the highest in spiritual attainment or spiritual endowment. Through him, therefore, God reveals himself. He is the teacher of his brethren. He has seen things divine, and he communicates the knowledge of what he has seen to those below him in spiritual stature. He is an authority, not in the sense of exercising absolute dominion, but in the sense of knowing more than others of that concerning which he speaks. As one man is an authority in science, or in literature, or in jurisprudence, or in international law, or in art, because he knows more about these matters than other men, not because he has a different or a superior humanity, — so also may a man become an authority in religion. His personal character, his spiritual gifts and graces, his clear perception of truth, his consciousness of God's presence with him, have elevated him above his fellows, and enabled him to become the revealer of God to them. I have already alluded to some names, — and to these that of Mohammed may be added, — some names which are not generally accepted as the names of teachers of divine truth. Yet why not? They certainly did know something of God and the things of the spirit. They were much superior to the men of their own time and race. They were all children of God. They must have felt the divine impulse upon their souls. They must have rejoiced in the beams of the divine light. What they saw, and what they felt, they told, and their fellow men were the better for hearing what they said. That their knowledge was not so clear or so wide as that of Christ, nor their words so full of the divine life, was their misfortune and their great defect. Their glory necessarily pales in the rays of that perfected humanity, the brightness of the divine glory, the express image of the divine person, whose light is our life!

There are some persons who object to the reception of a revelation which is made through the medium of a third

agent. If the human soul is so closely allied to the divine Spirit as we affirm, then revelation must be made directly. To this it might be replied, that, in this earthly life, we are necessarily under tutelage. It is, so to speak, the age of our minority, during which we have to suffer ourselves to be taught as God directs. It is manifestly impossible for all of us to make original researches in science and history and the various branches of human knowledge, and we are especially grateful to him who expends his time and resources in seeking out for us and declaring to us the secrets of nature. But this is not a sufficient answer. The true reply is, that the revelation made to prophetic and inspired souls is precisely in accord with the principle of man's close connection with Deity. For it is humanity, the same humanity that we ourselves have, humanity enlarged, enlightened, glorified, transfigured, to which the word of God comes. It is an ear attuned to the harmonies of the divine truth that hears the voice of God. It is an eye undimmed by the film of sense that sees the excelling beauty of the divine Being. In the humanity to which these belong we all share, and in its possessions we consequently have a part. Is there any deed of heroïsm, with which the page of human history is bright, that we are not proud of, and do not rejoice in? Is there any truth, wherever on the face of the globe it has been spoken by human lips, in which we do not have an interest, and to which we do not possess a personal title? A divine revelation made to one human soul is made to all, by virtue of the oneness of our humanity.

Then, too, it must be remembered that every revelation is really direct and personal, as it passes through our own spiritual nature, and is impressed upon our own spiritual substance. When we accept the words of another because they accord with our own convictions, we make the truth conveyed by them a matter personal to ourselves. Thenceforth it is ours. So far it is direct. By it, our own souls are expanded and uplifted, so as to come into closer contact with the divine Spirit. By it they are purified, so as to reflect from their transparent depths the divine image. Then also

we would bear in mind, that according to human capacity must divine revelations be made. The narrow soul, the soul that has only a low stature, cannot surely know so much of God as the broad and lofty soul, in which the divine nature seeks to dwell. The mountain peak towers high above the little hill. On one lies the glory of the sunshine, while the other can only bask in its beauty. The one is grand, the other fruitful in the wealth of grass and forest. But it is the same sunshine that rests lovingly on both, the same gently descending rain or lightly falling snow, the same luminous atmosphere surrounding them. So lie our souls beneath the same almighty, all-pervading love of God. So do they reach upward unto him. Shall any of us complain because we do not equal the spiritual stature of those who stand high up above us, in their transcendent purity and nearness to the source of truth? Surely would I not murmur against the providential decree, but rather humbly strive to learn of those who have a clearer sight and a better knowledge of the divine perfections. Perhaps even I, by patient, faithful effort, may succeed, while in this mortal state, in catching some glimpses of the divine beauty, and hearing some of the words which the Holy Spirit speaks. Perhaps it may be permitted also unto me, in the immortal life, to "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height" of the divine love, and to be filled, — ah! may it indeed be! "with all the fullness of God!"

Once more. There are some who object to a revelation which is made through the medium of a book. To this the answer is very easy. A book is simply the record of divine truth, the form which it takes for preservation among men. The book in itself is nothing. The truth which is in it is its informing spirit, its claim and its passport to immortality. A book is good to us only as it teaches goodness and truth, whatever may be its external form or method of construction. This sacred book of ours, the Bible, derives its sacredness, not from any outward circumstances, but from its internal character, spirit, and truth. It is the divine word, not in the letter, but in the spirit that breathes through it. There is in

it an amazing depth of meaning, to reward him who studies it reverentially and faithfully. Herein is its practical advantage. When we read it, we come into communion with the divine Spirit that seems to brood over its pages, — the divine Spirit that was in the souls of those who wrote its glowing prophecies, — the divine Spirit that is in all true human speech. When we read a book that elevates and refines the mind, and purifies the soul from its grossness, and opens the spirit to a holy influence, we commend it to ourselves and others as “profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.”

Something might be said of the progress of revelation, and a very interesting discussion it would be. But the space allotted to this paper permits me only to allude to it. There is a distinct line running through fetichism, idolatry, nature-worship, the adoration of light, the sun, stars, fire, &c., faith in the Deity who creates, the invisible, spiritual Being, whom reason accepts, and the attraction to the God of supreme love, whom the human spirit longs to be united with. In the Bible, it is God, El Elohim, El Shaddai, the God of almighty power: the Lord Jehovah, the self-existent Deity, and the eternal Father, who unites power and wisdom by the indissoluble bond of love. The attentive reader of the Old and New Testaments can easily trace the unfolding of the divine idea, — the God of the patriarchs, the God of Moses, the God and Father of Jesus Christ.

The great practical result is, that revelation makes its appeal to the best and deepest part of our nature. It answers the questions of the soul. It assures the soul that its thirst shall be supplied, that its cry shall be answered. Nay, it declares that that cry has already been answered. “God hath spoken unto the fathers by the prophets, and unto us by his son.” Yes, we are assured that He who sits above the heavens, and holds the universe in the hollow of his hands, He who fills eternity and immensity with his presence, is no silent deity, withdrawing himself from human knowledge and human sight in inaccessible, unapproachable

seclusion : that he speaks to man, that he dwells with man, that he is man's best friend, man's all-loving Father. He does not veil his majesty, his wisdom, his love. He shows his benign, paternal face. He lightens up the darkness of this mortal, earthly state. He touches with the beams of his grace the lowly lot of man, and, behold ! it is bright with a thousand beauties. He speaks, and the divine word goes round the world, waking the human soul in every zone, in every clime, to a glad and grateful response. He speaks, and man is assured that he is made in the image of God, patterned in spirit after the divine perfection, and destined, in some future sphere, cleansed from all the defilements of the flesh, and freed from the tyranny of earthly circumstances, to be united with his divine original ! To us is that divine speech addressed. Our hearts respond to it. Our convictions rest upon it. In it our hopes reside. It is our strength in life, and in the hour of death our sure support.

“ Speak with us, Lord ! Thyself reveal  
While here on earth we rove ;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindlings of thy love.

“ With Thee conversing, we forget  
All toil and pain and care ;  
Labor is rest and pain is sweet,  
If thou art present there.

“ Here then, our God, be pleased to stay,  
And bid our hearts rejoice ;  
Our bounding hearts shall own thy sway,  
And echo to thy voice.

“ Thou callest us to seek thy face,  
Thy face, O God, we seek,  
Attend the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear thee inly speak.”

## THREE OLD ENGLISH SERMONS.\*

MR. EDWARD ARBER deserves well of poor scholars for putting within their reach many choice books of our older literature hitherto hard to find except in "complete works," or in the costly issues of antiquarian societies. He has shown good judgment in reprinting Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, Milton's *Areopagitica*, Latimer's *Sermons*, and other excellent works, and in the present case he has done still better service by recovering for us an interesting work which has not been reprinted since 1572, and had nearly passed out of existence. By giving us easy access to original authorities, and making these ancient books current among us, he helps us to extend our conquest over time, to learn history at first hand, and to become familiar citizens of the past.

The present volume consists of three sermons preached at London—one of them before King Edward VI.—by Thomas Lever, in the year 1550. These sermons form a worthy continuation to Latimer's, which they resemble in many respects. The same undaunted truthfulness, the same strong sense and terse wit, and something of the same humor, the same faith in learning and in the principles of the Reformation, the same broad and deep knowledge of the Gospel, the same high prophetic spirit which we find in Latimer, we find also in this younger reformer. These sermons give us vivid glimpses into some of the inner workings of the English Reformation. The abolition of Popery and the setting forth of the Bible in English with other attendant reforms seemed measures full of immediate promise, but the hopes of the more ardent reformers had to suffer some disappointment. The new principles, however pure they may have been in the minds of those who conceived them, had devel-

---

\*English Reprints. No. 25. Sermons by Thomas Lever. A.D. 1550. Edited by Edward Arber. London. 1870. Pp. 143. New York: Scribner & Co.



oped into public measures, had been adopted by the public, and had not only become united with the imperfections of the public, but by their very success had become burdened with that great mass of selfishness and corruption which always gravitates unerringly towards the winning side. With the downfall of the old system, also, there went not only its evils but its benefits, and with the new system there came in not only advantages but some novel abuses. It is to this "transition period," full of struggle, of desire on the part of many for the old order of things, soon to be tried once more under Bloody Mary, of dismay among the weaker supporters of the new system, of mingled hope and fear and of earnest speech and effort on the part of the stancher reformers, that these sermons of Thomas Lever belong. "Trusting to God and not fearing the Devil," he speaks his "wondrous plain word" to King and Council, and to "all England, high and low, rich and poor." "See\* how much good counsel and earnest threatening God hath given of late unto England, by setting forth of his word in the English tongue, causing it to be read daily in the churches, to be preached purely in the pulpits, and to be rehearsed everywhere in communication." But "what threatening of God have we here in England not regarded, which have forsaken the Pope, abolished idolatry and superstition, received God's word so gladly, reformed all things accordingly thereto so speedily, and have all things most near the order of the primitive church universal? Alas, good brethren, as truly as all is not gold that glistereth, so is it not virtue and honesty, but very vice and hypocrisy whereof England at this day doth most glory." "In suppressing of abbeys, cloisters, colleges and chantries, the intent of the king's majesty that dead is, was, and this of our king now, is very godly, and the purpose or else the pretense of other, wondrous goodly; that thereby such abundance of goods as was superstitiously spent upon vain ceremonies or voluptuously upon idle bellies, might come to the king's hands, to bear his great charges necessarily bestowed in the common wealth, or

---

\* I modernize the spelling.

partly into other men's hands, for the better relief of the poor, the maintenance of learning, and the setting forth of God's word. Howbeit covetous officers have so used this matter, that even those goods which did serve to the relief of the poor, the maintenance of learning, and to comfortable necessary hospitality in the common wealth, be now turned to maintain worldly, wicked, covetous ambition." "You which have gotten these goods into your own hands, to turn them from evil to worse, and other goods more from good unto evil, be ye sure it is even you that have offended God, beguiled the king, robbed the rich, spoiled the poor, and brought a common wealth into a common misery." "As hypocrisy and superstition doth blear the eyes, so covetousness and ambition doth put the eyes clean out. For if ye were not stark blind, ye would see and be ashamed that whereas fifty tun-bellied monks, given to gluttony, filled their paunches, kept up their house, and relieved the whole country round about them, there one of your greedy guts devouring the whole house, and making great pillage throughout the country cannot be satisfied." "Your Majesty hath had given, and received by Act of Parliament, colleges, chantries, and guilds, for many good considerations, and especially as appeareth in the same Act, for erecting of Grammar Schools, to the education of youth in virtue and godliness, to the further augmenting of the universities, and better provision for the poor and needy. But now many Grammar Schools, and much charitable provision for the poor, be taken, sold, and made away, to the great slander of you and your laws, to the utter discomfort of the poor, to the most miserable drowning of youth in ignorance, and the sore decay of the universities." "For Papistry is not banished out of England by pure religion, but overrun, suppressed and kept under within this realm by covetous ambition. Papistry abused many things, covetousness hath destroyed more; papistry is superstition, covetousness is Idolatry. Papistry aforetime did obscure the King's honor, and abuse the wealth of this realm, covetousness at this time doth more abuse and decay them both, making the king bare, the people poor, and the

realm miserable." "Lands and goods be spoiled; provision made for learning and poverty is destroyed. Ye know in whose hands this rich spoil remaineth, then can ye not be ignorant by whose means the wealth of this kingdom is spoiled and decayed." "Wherefore as Christ in his own person did once lament and bewail Jerusalem, so does he now many times in the persons of his propheticall preachers, lament and bewail England, saying: O England, how oft would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldest not. Even with the same affection that the shepherd cryeth, seeing the wolf leering towards the sheep, and with the same affection that the hen clucketh and calleth, spying the kite hovering over her chickens; with the same affection it behooveth the minister and preacher of God, seeing intolerable vengeance hanging over England, to cry, to call, and to give warning unto the people, saying as it is written in the first of Isaiah: If ye willingly will hear and obey, ye shall eat the good comfortable fruits of the earth: but if ye will not and provoke me unto anger, the sword shall devour you: *quia os Domini locutum est*. For it is the mouth of the Lord that hath spoken."

"Undoubtedly whereas covetous men be, there neither lands nor goods, no not God's holy Gospel can, do so much good as covetousness doth harm. Wherefore seeing this realm by covetousness is sore decayed, lest it should also by the same be destroyed, away with your covetousness all you that love this realm."

This is the great burden of the preacher's exhortation, against the prevailing covetousness, which bore fruit in "pluralities," where one man holding several benefices farmed them out as if they were his private estate, which turned property devoted to the church, to charity, and learning, from their original purposes into private revenues, and which taking advantage of the confusion attending a great change in the body politic, seemed likely to make the Reformation a falling back rather than an advance.

Scattered through the sermons, we find many striking

thoughts and passages: "Fair words and evil deeds, which is hypocrisy." "Yea, amongst all kinds of officers, some be true Prophets and shepherds in deed, and some have sheepskins, and be ravening wolves in deed. The one taketh pains in doing of his duty, and the other seeketh gains in professing of his duty. Take heed of those, for they are arrant thieves." "The ministry of Christ which pertaineth generally unto all Christians;" this shows us the doctrine of the universal priesthood, as opposed to limiting certain spiritual privileges and powers to a single class. The prophetic spirit which breathes throughout the whole finds strong expression here: "Thus hath God by Isaiah in his time, and by me at this time described rulers' faults, with a way how to amend them." And mixed with his indignation is a moving Christian tenderness: "O merciful Lord, what a number of poor, feeble, halt, blind, lame, sickly, yea with idle vagabonds, and dissembling caitiffs mixed among them, lie and creep, begging in the miry streets of London and Westminster. Now speaking in behalf of these vile beggars, forasmuch as I know that the vilest person upon earth is the lively image of Almighty God, I will tell thee that art a noble man, a worshipful man, an honest wealthy man, especially if thou be mayor, sheriff, alderman, bailiff, constable, or any such officer, it is to thy great shame afore the world, and to thy utter damnation afore God, to see these begging as they use to do in the streets. For there is never a one of these but he lacketh either thy charitable alms to relieve his need, or else thy due correction to punish his fault. A great sin and no less shame is it for him that saith he is a Christian man, to see Christ lack things necessary, and to bestow upon the devil superfluously. It is Christ Jesus himself that in the needy doth suffer hunger, thirst, and cold. It is the devil himself that in the wealthy fareth daintily, goeth gorgeously, and useth superfluity."

This is how he sums up the work of good parsons, as contrasted with "carnal gospelers." "Good parsons, good preachers, and good officers placed abroad in every country, which in doing their offices, keeping of houses, and preach-

ing of God's word, may teach the ignorant, relieve the poor, punish the faulty, and cherish the honest, and so repair the pale of good order about this common wealth." This "keeping an house" was looked upon as an important part of a parson's duty. "It is not lawful for thee to have parsonage, benefice, or any such living, except thou do feed the flock spiritually with God's word, and bodily with honest hospitality." "Christ oft afore had wrought wonderful miracles, disputed learnedly, and preached plainly; but by all those means did he not so much persuade the people, and win their hearts, as by this one miracle in feeding and cherishing the people. Yea, and whosoever listeth to mark through all England, he shall see that a mean learned parson keeping an house in his parish, and keeping of godly conversation, shall persuade and teach more of his parishioners with communication at one meal, than the best learned doctor of divinity keeping no house, can persuade or teach in his parish by preaching a dozen solemn sermons."

These extracts show so well the merits of these sermons as to render further criticism hardly necessary. They teach us history by vivisection. Nor have they lost their power as sermons. They still come home to the conscience as the words of a true prophet, speaking with the authority of original knowledge and personal faith, and bracing our souls by his loyalty to God and the truth.

F. T. WASHBURN.

---

WHEN we would show any one that he is mistaken, our best course is to observe on what side he considers the subject,—for his view of it is generally on *this* side,—and admit to him that he is right so far. He will be satisfied with this acknowledgement, that he was not wrong in his judgment, but only inadvertent in not looking at the whole of the case.—*Pascal*.

## THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, AS A MEANS OF LIFE AND PROGRESS.

A SERMON.\* BY E. H. SEARS.

On this rock will I build my church: the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. — MATT. XVI. 18.

WHAT is the rock which is here referred to as the foundation of the Christian Church? Plainly the Christ, and the confession of him which Peter had just made. "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God," said Peter. "Flesh and blood have not revealed this to thee, but my Father which is in heaven," said Christ. On this rock, this Christ and such confession of him, will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The word here rendered "hell" is *hades*, and means the same as the spirit world, the entrance to which is through death, hence called the gates of *hades*. Render this into language less figurative and oriental and we should read it, "The Christ is such a fundamental want of humanity as the ground of faith in spiritual things that the church will stand upon him through all the ages. As fast as the generations disappear through the gates of death, other and coming generations will take their place; so that while men pass away, the church remains eternal and will not die out, and so the gates of *hades* cannot prevail against it.

So it has been. This institution called the church has stood, lo! these eighteen hundred years in the midst of human affairs, and has had a more plastic influence over them, and has it to-day probably, than any other external agency. States and empires have gone, while the church remains.

When we speak of the church, however, we must keep close to the prime essential idea, and keep clear of the false notions that gather around it. Corruption has invaded it, men have perverted it; nevertheless it has kept on clearing itself of these corruptions through the Christ who founded it and dwells in it.

---

\* Preached at Weston, May 7.

What I want to do this morning is to bring forth clearly the New-Testament idea of the church of Christ, and then show its power as a means of Christian life and progress.

I. What it is, clear of all human additions and corruptions, seems plain enough. The idea is a very simple one: fellowship, brotherhood, communion, are the terms by which it is described. More full and complete is the definition of our Saviour himself: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." The church is a larger family. It is the relation of brother and sister, widened, and elevated, and purged of natural selfishness, by being brought into direct relations with the Christ, as the head of a more extended household. It is not an authority to impose opinions on the minds of men, it is a covenant of mutual pledges and promises, with confession of the Lord Jesus as its bond of union. Its object is twofold,—to make the souls of believers more Christlike by bringing them into more full communion with their living Head, and to make them a more efficient power in diffusing his religion through the world by bringing them into concert and communion with each other. So constituted and organized, the promise is, "I will be one in the midst of you." "I will be with you always to the end of time." So constituted and organized, it is fit to become the body of Christ himself, to be swept by his spirit, to have the pulsations of his life and love. So constituted and organized, it is the home of the soul, that sphere of larger and diviner fellowship where our family relations and clanships are broadened in the wider brotherhood of Christian charity. So founded and constituted and made the home of the soul, the promise is that it will never die out. It will have its principles so deep in human nature itself that men will cherish it, children and the children's children will flow into it, Christ himself will love it, come into it, and meet them there and make it his abode. So that while men die out of it all the while, it will not only remain full, but be ever enlarging, and so the gates of death can never prevail against it. So founded and built, it can no more die out than the family institution can die out, for deeper and more vital than



the ties of family affection are those which draw the ties of this larger family around their living Head.

II. Let us now see how a church thus constituted becomes such a power of Christian life and progress.

There are, my friends, two ways of preaching Christianity and extending it. These two methods have been tried so much and so long that their results respectively can be estimated with a moral certainty that never fails. One method is that which ignores the church and its fellowship, the other method is through church means and instrumentalities.

A preacher goes out on his individual responsibility, and, if he has mental force and volubility, he will gather together people who will like to hear his words. He may gather great crowds in halls and theatres and in public squares, and perhaps thrill them with his eloquence. But crowds are never held together by the simple power of ideas. They come to witness the firing off of intellectual sky-rockets, or to be played upon passively by some one who knows how to touch their trains of emotion. A speaker and a congregation are not a church, but a collection of people who have come together to hear of some man's peculiar notion whatever it may be. It may be some phase of religion, it may be some interpretation of Christianity; but the only ground of permanence is the skill with which the lecturer can set them forth. Such speakers generally deal very largely in negatives, that is, in attacking and pulling down what other people believe; for any man's stock of private wisdom will very soon be exhausted. Such congregations hold together just so long as the preacher holds out. When he subsides they all subside and melt away, until another preacher comes along with some new notion of the day. How many such congregations have been gathered and gone into history, or gone into forgetfulness! The gates of death have swallowed them all up and they are no more.

Again, there may be churches in outward form merely, but not in inward substance and reality; Christian societies which come together to hear preaching and praying, but from which church life and the church idea have died out altogether. Such

societies differ only in name from the gatherings already described. "Worship," "communion," fellowship," are words without much meaning for them; and to be spectators of somebody's sermons and prayers is the main purpose of coming together. There may be more or less of social life based on mere externals, but there is none of that *fellowship* in which the inner life and the most sacred feelings of the heart flow together. Such societies exist or have existed. But if you will read the faithful reports of some of our missionaries you will see they are dying out all over the country. Some people wonder why they do not prosper; why a church planted right beside them, perhaps in which absurdities and errors of doctrine are held forth, nevertheless draws all the life out of these churchless societies and leaves them as mere empty shells. The next generation will hardly know that they have existed. No society can exist very long unless it furnishes within itself a *home* for the dearest affections of the heart; unless, in short, it becomes a family in Jesus Christ.

See how different is the case when Christianity lives, and is diffused through church means and instrumentalities! Where a people are *organized* in faithful covenant around Jesus Christ as the incarnate Word, how vastly different is the whole state of things! Preaching, praying, fellowship, and Christian work have new meaning and inspiration, and become golden words. Nay, the preacher sinks out of sight; he is behind one who is mightier than he, and his sky-rockets pale away before the Sun of Righteousness, who comes with healing in his beams. Where there is a church with the Christ in it, not in name merely, but the Mediator in whom God yields himself to our hungering and thirsting humanity, how easy it is to preach and to pray! Prayer is borne up on the prayer-wings of the congregation. It falls not into vacancy, to be caught up thence by the ear of God, but it goes up on the aspirations of hearts that beat in unison. What is more, the church so organized and with such a covenant is brought into conscious union with the church above, and heaven itself rests sometimes almost visibly upon

it, and breathes through its rituals. For the church above is near to the church below and forms one fellowship; and to be a member of Christ is not merely to have *his* real presence, but the real presence of that bright multitude who have put on immortality; who have gone from us, but are yet with us by the transfusions of celestial love. Below and above they make but "one communion."

Then in communion with a living church how much more full and rapid is individual progress and regeneration! simply because the influx of the Spirit and of the heavens is more warm and entire. Two or three meeting together in the name of Christ have not merely two or three times as much spiritual force as when alone. They are brought into that sphere of life where the individual is taken up and borne out of himself, as he cannot be when standing alone or trying to manipulate himself into spiritual growth and renovation. "Ten times one is ten," says a popular story. That is mathematically true, but not spiritually; for, as applied to the live stones of the spiritual building and the living members of a living church, TEN TIMES ONE MAKE A THOUSAND; for there is One there in the midst of them who multiplies their individual force a thousand-fold, and melts out of them their individual weaknesses and absurdities in a strength and wisdom and inspiration in which the sum-total of all their individualities is insignificant indeed.

And how easy is Christian work where there is a living church that inspires it! The minister need not go and urge this, that, and the other man to give something and do something. The church itself is an organized charity and an organized missionary society and reform society all in one, borne on gladly to its work by Jesus, who is in the midst of it, and the angelic heavens that melt into it and melt through it. Preaching and doing are up-hill work where there is no living church. Where there is one, preaching and praying and doing become as easy and as sweet as it is for the rose to blow.

And where there is a church there is a home, and the children do not scatter off to this, that, and the other sect. As it was

in the primitive church, people come into it in families and make it a larger family, and import into it the choicest family loves and friendships, and merge them and purify them in that larger fellowship of Christ. Hence there is no home instinct that strikes its roots so deep, and makes the clasp of its tendrils so strong and sure, as that which holds the soul to a church where it has found the peace of Christ and the fellowship of soul with soul. The church then receives our infancy with loving arms; it helps us in our trials by sharing them; it dismisses us with its prayer and benediction when earth recedes and heaven opens and the shining stairs invite us upward. And so it is that, while societies without any Christ in them rise and disappear, the church that has the real Christ in it keeps on from age to age, gathers the new generations into it as the old ones rise out of it, and so the gates of death never prevail against it.

And why, my hearers, do I bring this subject before you to-day? It is six years the present month since I undertook the ministry to which you called me here, and I have been making a review of it,—what we have done and what we have failed to do; where we have abounded and where we have come short; and every view that I can take of it brings me back to this: our success has been in exact proportion to our realization of the idea of this discourse,—the church idea. Some of you can see its truth and importance; some of you cannot. If I could have convinced you of it as a congregation and a people, oh, what might we not have done! And what a living power, tenfold greater than now, might you have been as a Christian church and society in this town and community; to diffuse through it the beneficent beams of Christianity, and to furnish a home of the soul where your children and their children shall find peace and fellowship long after you have passed away. For what we have done, however, I thank God, and take courage and hope on; for we have partly realized our ideals.

We have done something. We have had sabbatic hours, openings of truth, encouragement to duty, consolations in sorrow, and some have found peace in believing and strength

in doing. Twenty-seven have asked for confirmation, and received it, as members of this church, and have been ready for faithful work in the Sunday school or in the society. You have been indulgent, I fear to a fault, of the failings and shortcomings of your minister. But you can help this ministry vastly in ways you have not yet tried effectually. Measured by our ideals we come short; and they call us to repentance and new resolves. We need to make our church organization more efficient and complete as a social Christian body, that the presence and spirit of the Master may be more consciously and vividly among us. You need the living Christ here among you to melt away the selfishness of individual and family isolations; to develop a religious *social* life; to turn the light and power of religion into your homes, and bring them back from your homes into the church again. All substitutes for a Christian church have been tried elsewhere and failed, — sociables, amusements, parties, and picnics, all good in their way, but all outside affairs, never touching the springs of the inner life, never opening a home for the soul, nor developing that social life where minds and hearts meet in that glorious presence that melts all selfishness out of them. Did I dream it, or did I hear it from some of you, that you have wants that are not satisfied? Believe me, there is only one word that can go home to anybody so as to give essential and abiding peace, and that is self-renunciation, complete and unreserved. With this you are stronger than an army with banners; you need not go far to find the word that comes home to you; for it will be in your own heart, a daily call to duty and a daily benediction of "well done." You will be a church which has the sure promise of the Lord that it shall prevail. This we have realized in some measure: we want to realize it a great deal more, till every family in the community shall belong to that larger family and fellowship where selfish isolation is lost, and our icy individualism dissolves in a communion of Christian love.

We want these two, — reorganization and a place for it, — or we cannot be what our ideals beckon us on to be. And

may I not appeal to you, my younger hearers, and ask you to consecrate yourselves to a work so largely beneficent. Hear it, I pray unto you, as the "Come unto me" of Jesus Christ, and make yourselves a living organism, where his spirit may come to you, and you can do his work here with a sense of his presence and guidance. Consecrated to such work, how much more rich will your whole life and experience be! and what a work you may do right here in society about you to bring the silent and transforming power of the gospel to bear more visibly on all the relations of life! What a home for the soul might you make for yourselves, into which the peace of heaven might always flow, and the Holy Spirit always abide, and out of which strength might always go, transforming society about you into the image of the societies above!

---

FAITH.

A SWALLOW in the spring  
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
Essayed to make her nest, and there did bring  
Wet earth and leaves.

Day after day she toiled  
With patient art; but, ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought:  
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,  
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,  
And built her nest anew.

— R. S. S. Andros.

## FOURSCORE.

HER hair is white and her eyes are dim,  
 But her life is like a quiet hymn,  
 Chanted low at the close of day,  
 When the light is fading away.  
 And she sits in her corner knitting, knitting,  
 While her busy thoughts are flitting, flitting  
 Over the fourscore years that are fled,  
 Recalling the distant and the dead,  
 The faded hopes and the vanished joys,  
 Broken and lost like her childhoods's toys,  
 Yet woven into life's varied maze  
 With many a shining thread ;  
 And with memory's retroverted gaze  
 O'er the years that have sped their flight,  
 She sees that the dark on life's tapestried wall  
 Was as needful as the light.  
 As she sits in her corner knitting, knitting  
 The tiny and delicate links that fall  
 From her shining needles, each one fitting  
 Into a perfect whole,  
 She thinks how from deeds as noiseless and small  
 Groweth the wonderful web of life,  
 And the stature of the soul.  
 The children's children throng around her,  
 Fair faces and locks of gold ;  
 For many a cord of love has bound her  
 To the new as well as the old.  
 A peaceful present, a busy past,  
 Rich with the blessing of God,  
 Their lights and shadows together cast  
 O'er the long, long pathway trod ;  
 Then opens the boundless future before her,  
 With its "trembling hope" of bliss,  
 The higher life that shall soon restore her  
 The loved and lost of this :  
 And the holy light of the land immortal  
 Beams on that time-worn face,  
 As her steps draw near to the heavenly portal,  
 The goal of the earthly race.



INSTITUTIONS AND MEN AT HOME  
AND ABROAD.

BY SAMUEL OSGOOD.

AN American cannot but be interested, in going through Europe, by the difference between the place of the individual there and with us. We have the feeling that every man is to stand on his own feet and to take care of himself, with as little as possible of the claim to authority, the trappings of office, the plea of precedent, the power of conventionalism. There the individual is secondary, and the institution is the main thing. The very dress and bearing indicate this fact; whilst with us there are hardly any distinctions of dress, and all classes of society, business, and profession wear very much the same kind of clothes, and the servant and master, laborer and employer, private citizen and public official, laity and clergy, might easily be confounded with each other in a promiscuous assembly. There almost every man is clothed and labeled in the set style of his own business or caste, especially on all occasions of peculiar importance. No traveler, especially in England, is likely, for instance, to mistake a clergyman for a lawyer, either in the street or the parlor; and the law, the profession which with us partakes so largely of our democratic independence, there arrays its practitioners and judges in a costume as memorable as that of the priests and bishops of the Established Church. I confess that I was not prepared for the imposing display in the courts and lobbies of Westminster Hall, London, on the Queen's birthday in 1869, when the judges appeared in their huge wigs and red robes, and the counsellors flourished in wigs of not much smaller dimensions, and with the black silk gown and bands which were the regulation rig of the Massachusetts clergy in my boyhood. In France the lawyers also wore a gown and a peculiar shaped hat on duty, whilst the ordinary Roman-Catholic clergy were more conspicuous in their street dress than even the Anglican bishops. Perhaps

costume nowhere is more conspicuous than among the higher class of house servants in England; and it was some time before I got over the effect of the sight of those marvelously rigged dignitaries in front and rear of the stately coaches, or standing at the door of Belgravia houses on state occasions. Only the Lord Mayor of London and the Cardinals of Rome went beyond the visible majesty of the aristocratic coachman and footman of England. The Mayor of London was a modest and sensible gentleman, whose acquaintance I made at church, where he kindly invited me to ride with him on the following Thursday from the Mansion House to Guildhall. My worthy friend, who has since been knighted, then appeared in a magnificence quite startling, with his purple cloak and plumed hat and golden regalia, with his sword-bearer and mace-bearer preceding him to the gilded coach which took him and his obscure guest through the admiring crowd to the Common Council. The old conventionalism was kept up throughout, and the representatives of the city, more modest than the craft with us, rose in their seats as soon as the Lord Mayor stood up to speak, and did not presume to sit again until he requested them to do so. Some persons may make fun of such parade; but those of us who would not copy it will allow that it sprung from an original loyalty, and the respect of the citizens for the Mayor's person was the old-fashioned way of showing respect for the law. Such formality is better than the rowdyism that sinks all dignity, and moves the official personage to affect vulgarity and to smoke and drink and swear with the crowd. The English conventionalism of dress in this and other respects is not personal conceit, but institutional precedent. It says, virtually, "I do not put this on of myself or for myself, but because it is the custom of the fathers, and it represents the law of the land which you respect as much as I do." This may be an imperfect form of civilization; but it is not certainly below the ostentation of personal vanity which so often leads a man who has made a little money to build a great house, or set up a flashy equipage, which seems to say, "Here, look at me! See what a mighty smart fellow I am

who have made all this money myself, and own this palace and this team. Beat this if you can."

• It may be said that the highest class of Englishmen are eager to throw off all the externals of rank, and that noblemen are as simple in their dress as in their manners. So it is to a certain extent with them, but their very simplicity is a virtual affirmation of their rank; for it seems to say, not that they can do without rank, but without making any parade of it, and that they can afford to leave their dignity to take care of itself, as common people cannot. We do not hear of any of these free and easy dukes and earls, who dress like farmers, ever consenting to give up their titles or coronets or jeweled orders or medals of honor; but on great occasions they blaze out in all their glory, to the discomfiture of all modest and untitled merit among the common herd. All their servants and retainers magnify the dignity of their lords, and the time is far distant when democratic ideas will prevail among the farmers and tradesmen of England. This rank is not merely a fashion, but an institution; and subordination is both a fashion and an institution too. An Irish Roman-Catholic bishop somewhat surprised me by his defense of the landed aristocracy and the influence of great estates and nobles.

Throughout the continent of Europe one does not meet the individual independence that may be expected by an American from extended education and democratic ideas. In Germany law rules all forms of business, and your inn-keeper is bound to charge you precisely so much for your meals, and you may have him up before the judge if he adds a groschen to the proper price of your dinner. Even in free Switzerland the man is everywhere subject to the institution. Your name must be made known to the police of the town when you arrive, and your guide comes with the badge and number of his craft and an exact tariff of charges for every item of service. The clergy evidently belong to an institution there also. The Swiss preachers, even when they did not read their prayers, and when they spoke their sermons without notes, had the air of an official class, as they were

under the law, and their attitude towards the congregation said beyond mistake, "We are placed here by the government, and we know our rights and duties, and it is proper for us to do just what we are doing, and for you to hear and treat us with respect." There seemed to me to be more of institutional dignity in the pulpit than institutional co-operation in the pews, and the English churches that are found in every important Swiss village show far more response among the people in attendance than do the native congregations. With the Englishman his church is an institution, and he is a part of it. The minister carries this conviction with him in his look and tone, and seems to say, virtually, "I know very well my place, and I do not presume to ask you to listen to me for my genius or learning or eloquence, since I am but the servant of the church to which you all belong." The effect of this system is very marked upon the whole English race; and even in China, where English gentlemen sometimes go to dinner parties in white linen jackets, they will endure the burden and the heat of a broadcloth coat to attend church with due dignity. They are content to know that the service will be read, and that a regular minister will preach the gospel, — a state of mind quite different surely from that which makes so many Americans hesitate to enter the church door unless they are quite sure of hearing a preacher of genius or renown.

Of course the fear is that the institution will be everything, and the man little or nothing. But we must remark, that there is danger in both directions, and where the man is made everything he may be made an institution of himself, and his mind may run in the ruts of his own narrow individualism without help from the broad paths and rich fields of large fellowship, comprehensive usage, and varied order of the historical church. The English-Church clergy seemed to me desirous of quickening their personal zeal without giving up their set forms; and the habit of preaching without notes is evidently increasing among them, more than among the educated dissenters, who appeared to me to read their sermons in the old way, and also to read their prayers either

from their own manuscripts or from a prayer book of their own choice. That staid orthodox dissenter, Spurgeon, extemporized both sermon and prayers, and was in many respects free from English institutionalism, and quite an American in his ways; yet his tabernacle was, after all, a most decided institution of itself, and had its own methods, usages, and organization, quite as decided and probably as fixed as the habits of the provinces of York and Canterbury. He had the old law of orthodox independence also to sustain him, and was as little in danger of being overthrown by any unruly upstart or ignorant or disorderly committee as the Dean of Westminster or the Bishop of London. Even his preaching is in its way an institution; for it is not only Spurgeon that holds forth to five thousand people, but it is the whole stream of old dissenting literature and biblical learning, and the full swell of the hymns that have been gathering in volume for centuries. Spurgeon is not a mere individual like an American sensational preacher, who starts without creed or church order; for most of this material he found ready to his hand, and he is only a new commander in an army that has been gathering for ages.

James Martineau in his way is as prominent a piece of individualism as Spurgeon, yet this Unitarian apostle of intellectual liberty has as much love for the dignity and stability of institutions as his friend and neighbor, the Archbishop of Westminster, and seems to be as much wedded to his service book as the Archbishop is to his missal, and quite as ready as he to enter the national church if its platform can only be adapted to the demands of his conscience. The Unitarian is apparently as willing to be a minister of a liberalized National Church as the Roman Catholic is willing to return to the Romanism of the English establishment as it was before the Reformation.

The leading spirit of liberalism in the Church of England at present is Dean Stanley, and he is often spoken of as if he were quite indifferent to church institutions and almost ready to go over to the independents, whereas no man in England is more earnest in his way for church order or more

conservative as to the legal foundations of the National Church, liberal as he is in respect to the interpretation of creeds and articles. He is a great stickler for the connection between church and state, so much so as to oppose the disestablishment of the Irish Church; and, with all his rare generosity and intellectual freedom, he is probably quite as little likely as the courtly and diplomatic Bishop of Winchester to give up his prerogative as a church functionary and put himself outside of the protection of clerical law into the hands of a parish committee who might snub him at pleasure, and bring the vulgarity and stubbornness of the lobby and the shop to bear upon the architecture and worship of Westminster Abbey, which is now under his scholarly care.

Taking such cases of marked individuals into account, I must maintain the position still that Europe is given to institutions, and that her able and bold men are by no means inclined to dispense with them. Germany is pre-eminently the country of personal independence, and probably of free thinking, — not the free thinking that comes of indifference, but that which comes of manly thought. At first sight you might take the German for a thorough individual without any institutional loyalty. Look at him as he drinks his beer, or smokes his long cigar, or listens to music at his own free will, as if he cared for nobody else. Touch him, however, on any point of national liberty or honor, or deny to him any of the rights of civilized men, and see what a lion you have stirred up. Or, again, put your eye upon that regiment of mounted soldiers who are crossing the Rhine at Cologne, and you are struck by the great ease with which they sit in the saddle, as if each man were a unit and did not mean to trouble himself about anybody else. The idea of such troops starting forth upon any scheme of conquest, or undertaking to invade or subdue a foreign nation, strikes you as an absurdity on the face of it, and so it was and is. But mark the change in those men the moment they are interfered with and their national independence is assailed. Their very inertia in its solid mass starts into motion, and the massive weight moves forward with tremendous force, and the volatile French are brushed away like feathers before the sweep

of those German legions. Manhood is the German's great institution, and the nation is manhood consolidated, and the crown is no degradation, but honor, to the people when it caps national valor and loyalty as in the Emperor William. It seemed to me that the rising democratic spirit in Prussia in 1869 was of this temper, and I brought home a very able and stirring address by Rudolf Benfoy, at the Humboldt festival, which took this ground, and expressly called on Emperor William to head the constitutional republic and crown the charter of popular rights in his own powerful person. Germany is probably drifting that way, and the new Emperor, who has redeemed the nation from French aggression, will not enslave it to home tyranny.

France is the puzzle of history, and it is hard to tell what will become of her people and government. Her old monarchy was a mighty institution whose monuments are as marked and almost as grand as the monuments of religion. In fact, in range and magnificence Versailles, Fontainebleau, and the Tuileries surpass Notre Dame, St. Denis, and the Pantheon. Royalty fell with the Bastille in 1789, and now the empire that rose on its ruins has fallen a second time, and probably finally, with the defeat of Sedan. The first Napoleon began as an adventurer, and prided himself on going his own way and living unlike anybody else. He began by treading all existing institutions under foot, and ended by trying to bolster himself up by alliance with the old conservatism and to have an heir from an Austrian princess and a lasting crown from the Pope. His nephew has gone further, played the high conservative, boasted of defending the endangered nationalities of Europe, taken under his protection the old religion of France, and kept the Pope on his temporal throne, — all with the determination of making Napoleonism an institution of itself, and backing it up by all other available institutions under whatever Cæsar they arose. This nephew has gone down, and his institutions have apparently gone with him ; apparently, because he did not trust in the only lasting foundation, the sense of manhood among the people and the reign of impersonal, equal law in the nation. His institutionalism was a purely personal government, and



with his personal prestige the whole structure toppled and fell. France will rise as soon as the people put forth the true manhood and combine together under equal laws, whether the constitution shall be administered by president or king. It will be better for France if the next ruler shall have such modest pretension and such sterling worth that he shall make more account of the nation than of his family or himself, and subordinate his person to a principle and set the institution above the man.

Perhaps to an American the most extraordinary personage in Europe is the Pope. We are so much in the habit of looking upon every man as an individual, and approaching even our leading statesmen and rulers with the familiarity of friends, and not shrinking from approaching even our President as but a citizen of dignity, yet one of ourselves, that we hardly know what to make of a person whose individuality is almost wholly lost sight of, and who is himself the most significant, ghostly, and perhaps most powerful institution in the world. The Pope is not only treated as the visible head of the Church, but as Jesus Christ himself, the Son of God. It is hard to see what further acts of homage can be rendered to any living being than the faithful pay to him. They are not content with kneeling at his feet, but they fall flat upon the ground and kiss the cross upon his shoe. If this perpetual worship of a man seems to us degrading to the giver and offensive to the object of it, we must remember that the devotee does not regard the Pope merely as a man, nor does the Pope claim for himself personally as a man any such homage, but consents to be sign-bearer and representative of the Saviour of the world. When he is to be recorded at the head of committees of the Vatican, his name is not mentioned, but, as in the case of the first on the list, the record stands thus in the *Annuario Pontifico*:—

#### SACRE CONGREGAZIONI.

S. Romana ed Universale Inquisizione.

La Santità Di Nostro Signore, Prefetto. [The Holiness of our Lord, President.]

A visitor to Rome cannot but ask himself how Pius IX. gets along with his own individual experience under all this load of ceremony ; for he is a man, and very much of a man too, if we may read his heart and mind in the flash of his eye, the play of his features, and the poise of his foot. It is not difficult to understand the public or the institutional personage ; for all his characteristic manners have been clear deductions from his pontifical position ; and his apparent boldness has not come from the dash of his presumption, but from the practical consequence of his logic. The Immaculate Conception, Infallibility, the Temporal Power, the Syllabus, are deductions from the first principles of his office as successor to Hildebrand, and they belong to the institution more than to the man. How the man feels and thinks it is not so easy to see and say. He undoubtedly has had his dreams of life, his loves, hopes, fears, disappointments, like the rest of us men, and probably now has his hours of recreation ; and I cannot see how the old man could keep himself alive and well so long without having somebody to talk to in confidence more genial than his ghostly confessor,—some child to prattle and romp with, some mother and sister to cheer and be cheered. He undoubtedly escapes much annoyance by being sheltered so much under the solemn and monotonous etiquette of his office, which does not oblige him often to step down from the pedestal of state and express the emotion and take the anxious care that so exhaust the nerves and brain. Yet he did not seem to decline to do his part ; and, whether borne in state upon men's shoulders, as in San-Carlo Church, or receiving a hundred guests at once in his palace, he had gestures and words of benediction in public, and smiles and chat in private, without stint. He was seventy-nine years old May 13, and will complete his twenty-fifth year of office June 16, 1871. Most persons who have seen the old man wish him well. He has had a pretty hard time, yet has escaped the worst ills of human life, and has won all the honors that devotees of his own order can pay to him, as well as a place among the most memorable names of history,

—a place which will not be lost either by the triumph or the downfall of his peculiar institution.

On the whole, it appears that in Europe the institution is more prominent than the man, and I might show that the influence of the few great and the feebleness of the many who are small comes from general causes rather than from individual power or weakness, or that the grandee and the laborer are what they are more from circumstances than from their own might or weakness. The result is, that, except in revolutionary agitations, life is calmer there than with us, and men take a certain situation for granted, and are not forever on the stretch to get on or up as in our America. Society is generally organized, and every man finds his work laid out for him and the path shaped to his steps. It is not only church and state that are established, but pretty much everything else, and a certain quiet and cheerfulness go with stability, even when it is limitation and not plenty that is stable, and it is a small cage in which the bird sings. With us a great deal of worry and exhaustion comes from organizing our work or profession anew, instead of settling down upon what is established; and in legislation, business, society, and religion we are like beginners, and we have the exacting and excessive wants of an old country with the rawness and anxiety of a new domain. It seemed to me that there was more joy, more quiet content, and more playfulness in Europe than here, and that the people who expected little, and were pretty sure of that, were more light-hearted than our countrymen, who strive and hope for so much and are subject to such startling changes and bitter disappointments.

The question becomes important whether we cannot secure more of the constancy and peace of institutional order than we have had, and whether we cannot calm our nerves and brain with the due constancy that can healthfully temper our characteristic excitability. It is idle to say that we are so thoroughly committed to individualism that it is of no use to plead for the construction of a new social order, and that our characteristic American idea boasts of leaving every man to himself. Nay, this very personal liberty of ours is a mighty

institution, and did not come and is not to be kept and enlarged by letting things alone. Our personal liberty was won first of all by the primitive struggle with the wilderness and the savages, then confirmed by emancipation from colonial dependence upon Europe, and last of all it was vindicated by the war for our union and our liberty. We now walk the streets freely and travel West and South without fear, not because we have been left alone, but because we have been taken care of, and we have a government and laws to keep us free. Our nation is a great institution, and we need its protection, not only for life and liberty, but also for property; and, should the nation repudiate the public debt, business would be ruined at once, and all the savings of the people would be lost. Society, too, is an institution, and the stability of the household, the sacredness of marriage, and the education of children would fare badly if all people were left to their own caprices or notions without state laws and church order.

How far our American society and religion are to be organized by specific measures and institutions it is not my purpose to show, but merely to throw out a few hints on the subject. The radicalism that scorns all positive authority, and leaves every man to be an authority to himself, and allows children to grow up and do as their instincts and impulses prompt, will not stand a moment's investigation in the calm light of history and experience. The child left to himself is a perverse little animal, and only in civilized society he becomes truly human. Even well-educated men, when they live beyond the region of civilized habits and the restraints of refined society and regulated religion, tend to degenerate, and barbarism is one of the first dangers of the border countries. The very men who contend so stoutly for free religion without platform of truth or discipline owe generally the very wisdom and virtue which they claim for their principles to the influence of the very institutions which they deny, and the crop of daring agitators who proclaim the sufficiency of each soul for itself grew up upon soil that had been carefully tilled by the faith and piety of ages. It mat-

ters little what the form of the institution is if its power is only carried out; and sometimes men are themselves the best institutions, and as long as they last they seem to answer all purposes, although the question will arise how are their places to be supplied; and this question can only be answered by maintaining that something of the same order that trained the fathers to such excellence must be followed in training the children.

Take, for example, a thinker and reformer like Channing. He was an institution in himself, and it took the liberty of Rhode Island and the culture and devotion of Massachusetts, as well as the gifts of heaven, to school him for his mission. His people were providentially fitted for his influence, and the pews before him were filled with pattern men of the good old liberalized Puritan school. To them liberty was the opportunity of obedience, and free thought was earnestness in truth and devotion. Yet a community that rests upon Channing as the foundation of church order, and makes him authority over faith and discipline, would strike at the first principles of his thinking, and make his freedom their bondage. He did not claim to found a sect, or desire to belong to one; and his noble plea for the dignity of human nature, justly understood and guarded, is part of our common American birthright, and lifts him above the sects of his time into the fellowship of the universal church.

Theodore Parker, too, was an institution of himself, and he embodied the heroic side of Puritanism as Channing embodied its prophetic side. He was severe and ascetic when he went to the extreme of mental license, and he struck at the authority of the Scriptures as seriously as the old Puritan fathers struck at the mass and the confessional. What Parkerism might become when taken away from its local and personal antecedents, and left to go to seed in new and undisciplined communities, we have not fully the means of knowing; but the observations made thus far in that direction are not wholly encouraging. In some respects his word has been manly and wholesome, and his private life beyond reproach; but as a leader of religion the man is a constant

proof of the need of positive institutions. He has a great name at home and abroad, and perhaps is known more widely than any American author of a religious and philosophical turn. If free opinions go on in Massachusetts for thirty years as since his death in 1860, Boston may build him a statue before the century ends ; and the year 1900 may put her great free thinker into bronze as her sister city, Geneva, has done with Rousseau upon the lovely little isle of the Rhone, — Rousseau, so much like Parker as a thinker, and as much more fascinating as a writer as he was less brave as a man. If this shall be so, some stern prophets might predict that then Boston, like her Puritan sister, Geneva, might be driven to seek rest in superstition, and prefer the rising ascendancy of Rome to the eclipse of all positive historical faith. But I will not say so. In some way the mission of all true men will be fulfilled, and the foundation of Christianity will be saved, and the Church of the Future will be as strong in its men as in its institutions.

Events and opinions are going with such a rush now in America that it is hard to say what is coming, and it behooves every fair-minded man to be very modest, to stand at his own humble post of duty, and to encourage all other men to do their best for sound principles and good habits. Perhaps I can illustrate the state of things better by quitting my desk and asking my readers to go with me into the streets, which are quite stirring and suggestive on this, March 17, St. Patrick's Day. I do not think that such a sight as this is to be seen in any country on earth, — a great host of foreign born, parading the city in honor of their national saint, whose religion is opposed to that of the majority, and yet who are allowed to stop all other movements along the path of their procession, and to parade all their peculiar mottoes, banners, and symbols, as if they were sole lords of the land. But let us look at them ourselves. Up Sixth Avenue into Fourteenth Street, to the corner of University Place, and you pass through an immense crowd in waiting, and come within sight of the bronze statues of Washington and Lincoln. Here surely are two men who were institutions of them-

selves, yet how much they were moulded by the institutions under which they were born, and how much their influence depends, not only upon their personal character, but upon the institutions which bear their mark, the Constitutional Republic of 1783 or 1789, and the Restored and Emancipated Republic of 1865. No power on earth can tear those men away from their country, either from our liberty or our law; and this great crowd, without, perhaps, thinking much about it, feel their influence, and still their voices and control their impulses in loyalty to that sovereign order which they allied with personal freedom.

But stop this moralizing, and see what is coming. There is our sacred old banner appearing in Union Square between the two statues and moving towards us. Along the procession comes, headed by a dozen mounted policemen, who show a mighty institution in those stars upon their breasts, and who are followed by a troop of cavalry, whose ensign bears aloft a handsome American flag which droops over his horse's head, which bears the green color of Erin in a little streamer. On they come by thousands and thousands, everywhere the same prominence being given to the American flag, with recognition of the Irish standard, but so far as religion is concerned only one belief acknowledged, and with an odd jumble of trades unions, temperance societies, patriotic devices, and religious symbols. Certainly here are men enough, and they are made into an institution by one man. Here is what looks like all Ireland with St. Patrick, out of his grave where he was buried in Ulster, in 466, taking the lead; and here is a text for sober reflection upon the power of individual zeal or genius in union with great organizations like Roman-Catholic Ireland that here passes by the statues of Washington and Lincoln, and claims the protection of American liberty, and does not refuse obedience to American law. I could not but think of the beautiful church in Rouen, Normandy, where I saw the old saint's name and life, emblazoned in fresco and glass, in July, 1869.

A modest, scholarly man joins us on the sidewalk, and we look awhile at the procession together. He has had as much



as any other man to do with bringing the Old and New School of Presbyterians together, and speaks with great hope of the results of the union, alike for its own sake and as a cheering sign of the growth of the constructive spirit in the American church; but he evidently does not like this demonstration, and not only his Presbyterian creed, but his American blood is disturbed by this irruption of Hibernian Papists. He has my mild sympathy in his feeling, yet is assured that these people are not wholly our masters, that their children will breathe the air of free thought, and the nation at large is not with them, and perhaps is as much under the opposite influence of German independence, if not free thinking, as in subjection to Irish Papacy.

Now opens another aspect of the scene. An elegant lady of wealth and position advances in chagrin at finding her way across the street arrested by the procession, and scolds smartly, yet prettily, at this outrage upon our liberty, soundly berating the city fathers, and quoting the superior order of foreign capitals where such things would not be tolerated. This lady is one of an institution, and a mighty one in our chivalrous America, and we pilot her across the street as loyally as if she were Queen Elizabeth or Victoria; for here every lady is queen, and not wholly unconscious of the fact. Let her class use the power well while it is at its height, and strengthen the institutions of home, society, and religion that give woman her lasting defense and influence. Institutions last in this world, while persons pass away, except so far as they are embodied in institutions.

But here is a face that may seem to set our doctrine at naught. Here in this shop window, among photograph heads of artists, authors, actors, and scarlet women in slender attire, here is the face of our representative liberty man, our great, popular preacher, lecturer, journalist, reformer, and everything else that is stirring, the man who is unmistakably himself and nobody else. That knowing, earnest, plucky countenance reminds you of Franklin, Luther, and Burns all at once. It is not the St. Patrick, but what is more *pat* to our purpose, the St. Jonathan of America. It is Henry Ward Beecher. Here is a man, surely, who can be sufficient

for himself and do without institutions. Is it really so? I think not. Mr. Beecher is in his way eminently a man of institutions, and does not try to do without them. He is a chip of the old historical Puritan block, and has the old sap and fibre in every thought and purpose. In his way he is a churchman, and administers the sacrament and feeds his flock in scrupulous order, while, with all his freedom of speech, that is not always to our taste, he keeps the pulpit as his stronghold with a grasp and grip that no man dare meddle with or dispute, any more than with a Hildebrand or John Knox. His work has been inside of the American home, school, nation, and church; and he would not be a tenth part of the power he is if he had set the great historical institutions of his time and country at defiance and been a dashing, reckless come-outer. It would be easy to find fault with him if that were the point now, as it is not. I name him with respect here for having done probably more than any other man in America towards keeping free, wholesome liberty within the lines of good institutions, and helping on the day when our America shall better perfect her organizations of faith and morals, piety and charity, without sacrificing her standard of genuine manhood to a spectral formalism or a reckless self-will.

We have institutions, and we want men. Without institutions and laws, if a man is not powerful he is trodden under foot, and if he is powerful he will tread others under foot. Individualism is personality, and personal government makes the governor a bully and the governed a slave; while law brings all men under the sway of justice, and harmonizes the strong and the feeble in relations of mutual protection and service. Here is food for abundant rumination, and especially in quarters where the plea of liberty is set up for the repudiation of all order and rule in things spiritual, and religious affairs and teachers are left to the control of a few wire-pullers or money-changers without any organized recognition of Christian faith or church principles, much less of the claims of an educated clergy and the worth of historical methods and principles.

## THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

BY JOHN EDGAR JOHNSON.

THE Idealists in philosophy maintain that there are certain archetypes upon which the world of thought is built. Critics in the church, from Origen to Swedenborg, have advocated a mystical interpretation of the Bible, seeing always under the material image a hidden spiritual truth. According to these theories the universe is a thousand-sided mirror which multiplies every idea a thousand-fold.

Now if this be so, we may speak of monasticism as the "desert" of the soul, the "blight" of human affections and desires. The longing after an impossible perfection withers and consumes the inward man, just as the scorching rays of the sun blister and parch the vegetation of a plain. What wonder, then, that the monks have always taken up their abode in the waste places of the earth. They have peopled the sands, scaled the mountains, plunged into the caverns. Monasticism is a stupendous caravan, traveling only upon arid deserts; and, journeying in this manner, it has reached every part of the known world,—India, China, Arabia, Africa, Europe, America. Looking out from the "Laures" on Mount Sinai, asceticism took its flight to Mount Athos in Greece, and to Mount Cassin in Italy. The fruitful valleys that lay between had no charm for it.

In Germany the monks disappeared with the forests. Although the country has been rendered physically warmer by the loss of the latter, it has grown spiritually colder since the disappearance of the former. Were there no desert places in the earth we should hear but little about asceticism. Has the moon inhabitants? If so, then rest assured that thousands of them are monks.

America, with its fruitful plains and sparse population, has few ascetics. The time may come when this will not be the case; the surplus of miserable men will flee from our cities and villages, and take refuge in the mountains and deserts

where nature will be in harmony with their own souls. Misery makes monks. The last persecution of the Church by the Roman Emperors drove more persons into the deserts of Africa than would have found their way thither in a century of mild and just rule. Where people are contented and happy they eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, and thank God. For this reason we should expect to find fewer monks in a republic than under a monarchical form of government.

Egypt was the cradle of Christian monasticism. But every attempt to ascertain the date of its origin, we are told, has proved as futile as the efforts put forth to discover the source of the river on whose banks it first sprang up. In comparatively recent times a very great antiquity has been assigned to it. An order of monks, the Carmelites, have a monastery on Mount Carmel, which they say was founded by the prophet Elijah when he fled to this spot.

Traces of asceticism are easily discoverable in the New Testament. The mode of life adopted by John the Baptist, for instance, proves that he was given to ascetic practices, and many volumes have been written for the purpose of showing that Jesus Christ himself was a monk. So reliable an author as Montalembert advances this opinion. By others it is thought that St. Mark, who is said to have established the church at Alexandria, also founded the first order of Christian monks. Saint Epiphanius (Heres, 29) gives to the members of this community the name of Essenes, or Jessenes, from Jesus, a word which means to save. But there is no end to the controversy which has been waged as to whether the Essenes (or Therapeutæ) were a Jewish or Christian sect.

With such speculations as these we have nothing to do. Elijah and John the Baptist were at most the shadow or the image of Christian monasticism. Furthermore, it is now impossible to restore the connecting link (if there ever was one) between the Apostles and the Fathers of the Desert. Christian monasticism was a growth, and it is not difficult to trace its development. It began in the East, as has

already been said, where the flame, after burning fiercely for two or three centuries, died suddenly down. In the Western world it met at first with great opposition, but spread gradually and surely over the whole Roman Empire. But here, too, its decline was only a question of time. The monks, driven out of Catholic Italy within a few years, took refuge in the Papal States; but now the wave of destiny has surged up the sides of Mount Carvo and deprived them of the protection which even that has heretofore afforded. In the whole peninsula of Italy the sun now sets upon one solitary monastery, — Mount Cassim; and that is suffered to exist for the time being out of respect for its great antiquity.

But what was the condition of the civilized world when we first began to hear about the monks? Deplorable! It could hardly have been worse. Nothing could exceed the depths of baseness to which society had sunk at the middle and close of the third century; unless, indeed, it were the beginning of the fourth, or that period which we are told immediately preceded the flood. It must always remain a mystery to the student of history why God did not submerge the world again because of its sinfulness, and nothing but the promise which he gave to Noah could have possibly prevented him from doing so. Zosimus, for instance, says (*Hist. II.*, 38) that fathers frequently prostituted their daughters for money to pay the tax.

Such was the condition of society at the time of which we write. There were a few godly people in this cesspool of seething corruption, and they, unable to endure the sight of so much iniquity, fled to the deserts and mountains. But why not stay and leaven society by their presence and example? They couldn't. It was of no use. They might as well have tried to sweeten the Mediterranean with a pound of loaf sugar. The case was hopeless. Saint Benedictus tried it a little later. He founded a community in one of the cities of Italy, but the people laughed his scruples and admonitions to scorn. Nude women, set on by the laity and the local priesthood, waylaid his disciples, and even broke into the enclosure which surrounded their monastery. It was useless to perse-

vere. The slough was too deep for them. They gave it up in despair. They abandoned society to the devil and fled for their lives. This was their last resort. The voice of God cried to them, as to her of old, "Escape for thy life, look not behind:" fly and save your soul from the hell of crime and sin and self. If we had not gone with them it would have been because our soul had not been large enough, because our lust was stronger than our love of purity and goodness.

Persecution, as has been said, added immensely to the impetus which led men to avoid the sight of the evils with which society was afflicted; and, later still, many sought in the severity of ascetic practices a substitute for martyrdom, which was no longer possible after the conversion of Constantine.

It was a long time before monasticism attained to its perfection. Its development was gradual, regular, progressive. The steps were three:—

1. The Anchorite (Hermit life).
2. The Cenobite (The Community).
3. The Legislator (The Order).

First, then, a few persons fled to the deserts without concert of action; each went by himself (hence the name Anchorite, from *αναχωρεω*, *to retire*). The word Hermit is from *ρημα*, *alone, solitary*.) Paul did not see a human face for ninety years,—from the time he was twenty-three until he was one hundred and thirteen, at which age he died.

But after a time the inconveniences and dangers of this mode of life came to be realized, and the cenobitic (*κοινος*, *common, βιος*, *life*) form of monasticism gradually took its place. St. Anthony, who has been called the Father of Cenobites, frequently quoted the text, "Wo to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up" (Eccl. iv. 10). He warned the hermits against self-deification and self-satisfaction. At first a community seldom contained more than ten or twelve monks, but in the course of a few years the number of those assembled under one superior was almost unlimited. We read of monasteries that contained twenty thousand or thirty thousand souls.

At first each monastery was independent of all the others, and its mode of life was prescribed by its own abbot. There was no harmony of ascetic practice between the various communities, nor was there any written "Rule," but each abbot followed, arbitrarily, his own plan. This serious defect in the system of monasticism was remedied by St. Benedictus about the beginning of the sixth century. This saint, the Moses of Western monasticism, enunciated a uniform and universal "Law" from his monastery on Mount Cassim, that Sinai of the monks.

Thus asceticism reached the last stage of its development. It became regular, systematic, organized. Communities no longer existed by themselves, except in a few cases, but were banded together under one law and one superior, like the lodges in the order of Free Masons of the present day.

The scope of this paper falls within the first two periods which have been indicated, and we content ourselves with calling attention to the incipient state of that germ which grew at last to be an immense tree whose branches overshadowed the whole Christian world. Like the banyan, it dropped a shoot here and there, in almost every country, and hundreds of thousands of weary, famished, fainting human hearts have found abundant shelter and quickening under its protecting shade.

One of the grandest movements in the world's history was that stupendous moral migration of pious souls from the habitations of man out into the deserts and solitudes of nature. It was the second Exodus of the children of God, but this time out of the promised land back again into Egypt. Advancing with steady tread, a century at a stride, it made its way around the globe.

St. Paul, usually called the Father of Hermits, was the first great anchorite. St. Anthony was the most illustrious of the early Cenobites, if he was not in fact the founder of the first monasteries. As these two persons are representative men we subjoin a short sketch of their lives as narrated



in many works still extant.\* Every incident of the narrative was implicitly believed for ages in the Christian Church.

St. Paul was born in the Thebiad about the year 228. Left an orphan at the age of thirteen, an elder brother, who coveted his inheritance, denounced him as a Christian during the persecution under Decius and Valerius, and he was forced to fly to the desert for his life. Ten years were passed in this retreat, at the end of which time he felt no longer any disposition to blend again with society. This mode of life, pursued at first from necessity, became now his delight. Plunging into the depths of the wilderness, he turned his back upon mankind; nor did he ever gaze again, until just before his death, upon the face of any man, or hear a human voice other than his own — a soliloquy nearly a century in length. One day, when he was about twenty-three years of age, he discovered a cave in the rocks, where he took up his abode; and it was here that St. Anthony found him, ninety years afterwards, just as he was about to expire. But let us go back for a moment and bring the life of the latter saint down to this point.

St. Anthony, the patriarch of the Cenobites, was born at Coma, in Upper Egypt, about 251, the year in which St. Paul began his hermit life in earnest. He was reared in the Christian religion by his parents, who were rich and noble; but at an early age he refused to be instructed in secular subjects, fearing to come in contact with children of corrupt morals. St. Augustine thinks he neither knew how to read nor write, nor did he speak any language but the Egyptian. This writer says (Doct. Christ., Par. 2) that Anthony, whom he calls a holy and perfect man, was reputed to have learned the Bible by heart, without knowing his letters, and solely from having heard it read. Nevertheless, St. Augustine says that those who have learned to read ought not to regard

---

\* The principal sources from whence the lives of these two saints are to be drawn are: The *Vita Patrum* of the Jesuit Rosweyde; the *Acta Sanctorum*, Bollandus; Hieronimus, *Opera*, tom. 4; Bulteau, *Hist. Monast. d'Orient*; *Sancti Athenasii Opera*.

this man's life as reproaching them with having undertaken a useless task. St. Athanasius, who knew him well, also says (*Opera*, tom. 2) that St. Anthony did not know the alphabet, and that meditation was his only Bible commentary. Evagre reports that a philosopher once asked this saint how he managed to get along without the consolation which others found in reading. Anthony replied that nature was his book.

At the age of eighteen he was left an orphan, with a young sister, of whom he assumed the care. Scarcely six months had passed away, however, when, going one day into a church, he heard this passage from the Scriptures: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me." He took these words to himself, and went and distributed his heritage among his neighbors. A large sum was realized from the sale of his personal property. The greater part of this he gave to the poor, and reserved the rest for his sister; but hearing this command in the church, "Take no thought for the morrow," he bestowed the balance upon a few destitute people, and placing his sister in the hands of some Christian women, who were also ascetics it is probable, he fled to a desert near the place of his birth, taking for his example an old hermit who had lived for some time at a short distance from a neighboring village. In the solitude he employed himself in manual labor and in prayer. Now and then he visited other anchorites, receiving instruction from them, and noticing in which virtue each excelled, in order that he might imitate them in their austerities and mortifications. His biographers say that the devil could not tolerate so great an excess of zeal in one of such a tender age, and immediately he set before the saint's imagination the fortune which he had given up, the sister whom he had abandoned, the ambition and the hopes which he had resigned. He had no sooner dissipated these temptations by continual prayer, when impure thoughts began to torment him day and night. These also he surmounted, so that at last the devil, who appeared to him in the form of a black infant, was

forced to confess that he was the spirit of concupiscence. He now increased his austerities. He remained awake oftentimes all night. He ate but once a day, at sunset, and then only bread and salt. His bed was a mat or the bare ground, but he never besmeared his body with oil, a practice which was regarded at that time as a very great austerity. In warm weather one can well imagine its discomforts. But Anthony began to regard the proximity of his native village as a positive hindrance to his advancement in spiritual perfection, so one day he went to a distance and took up his abode in one of those abandoned tombs which were then so numerous in Egypt. But here the evil spirit that had tormented his imagination before now assailed him bodily, beat him in a cruel manner, and left him bruised and bleeding on the ground. His friends who came the next day to bring him food found him stretched upon the earth in a swoon. They took him in their arms, and had proceeded a short distance towards the nearest village, where they thought to dress his wounds, when the saint revived again and besought them to take him back into the tomb. They left him there; but although he was unable to stand upon his feet on account of the bruises which he had received, he defied the demons, and, seated upon the ground, he assailed them violently. Soon he heard a great noise; the tomb was shaken; the walls were rent asunder. Then demons entered under the forms of monsters and frightful animals. But as he held out against them all, a ray of light dissipated these spirits of darkness; his pains ceased; the tomb was re-established, and he heard a voice from heaven which promised to assist him always and make his name celebrated in all the earth. He lived in this tomb fifteen, some say twenty, years.

But Anthony was still too near the abodes of man, so he abandoned his sepulchre and retired to the mountains. The devil set a good many traps for him on his way. He appealed first to his avarice, and made a silver plate appear before him in the pathway. Anthony passed hurriedly by, and it vanished into smoke. Satan thought our saint would pick it up for the purpose of bestowing it as alms, but he

reckoned without his host. A little further on Anthony saw a large quantity of gold ; he passed it by, however, and hastening along he found at last upon a mountain top an old castle long since abandoned and now the abode of wild animals, who took to flight the moment that he entered at the door. Here the saint resolved to live. Having laid in provisions for six months, he barred the door, and his friends who came to visit him were forced to remain outside, oftentimes several days and nights, for he refused to admit or even speak with them. Twice a year some one came and threw a quantity of food through an open place in the roof. He passed thus twenty years in this retreat.

But during all this time the number of those who wished to lead an ascetic life rapidly increased. Hundreds of them came, as to their Mecca, and dwelt in the caves and holes around the castle where St. Anthony had taken up his abode. Some of these mountains were perforated in every direction with cells excavated by the Egyptians long before, and used by them as sepulchres for their dead. They were empty now, and the monks regarded them as a favorite resort ; for they, too, had ceased to be. This multitude besought Anthony to become their spiritual father, but he ignored their existence ; he refused to open his door to them ; and although the mountain, like a huge honey-comb, swarmed with monks drawn thither by his reputation for sanctity, he lived on in the most profound solitude. He was buried alive. Was he not dead to the world ? Why should they disturb his rest ?

Persecution raged with maddening fury in the cities. Thousands fled to the desert. The throng around our saint's retreat increased from month to month, from year to year. What a mustering of misery. Men lived like beasts of the field ; they burrowed in the earth. The mountain was alive : it breathed, it moved. At night, it resembled a hornet's nest while the young still look more like worms than insects : it pulses, it is alive with life. At sunrise, when the monks poured forth from their cells, it called to mind an ant-hill with its teeming occupants. Great God, what is the

mystery of this immortal soul with which thou hast endowed us?

Finally, they threatened to break in his door if he did not come out to them. Then Anthony sallied forth and became the father of a multitude of ascetics who inhabited Egypt. Part of them took up their abode near by on the east side of the Nile, at a place called Pisper; the rest were gathered upon the west bank of the river near the city of Asinoa, to-day Suez, a name which one constantly meets in monkish annals.

Thus it was that about A.D. 305 the first monasteries were founded by this saint. He frequently addressed his disciples and gave them instruction with regard to their mode of life. In this manner they became, we are told, "like angels on earth."

About the year 311 persecution broke out again under the tyrant Maximus. Anthony, burning with a desire for martyrdom, left the desert, — to which others had fled to escape it, — and went to Alexandria. He visited the "confessors" in prison, and when Christians were to be tried for their religion he attended the trial, and by his presence inspired them with the determination not to renounce their faith. Every one knew him, and the weakest became strong to die when he was nigh. He accompanied the condemned to execution, and the victims forgot the torments of the stake. He courted martyrdom, but the authorities resolved not to gratify him. His presence, however, had such an effect upon the accused and condemned that the judge issued an order forbidding all monks to be present in the court. The next day Anthony washed his robe, which was made of white cloth, and took the highest seat in the tribunal, so that he was seen by all. But God, who had reserved him to instruct the solitaries of the desert, did not permit him to suffer martyrdom.

After the persecution had ceased he went and shut himself into his castle again, and refused to see those who came to him to be healed, for he had worked many miracles. Numbers remained seated for days upon the bare ground outside the monastery, praying with faith. Finally, desiring to escape

from the seductions of vanity to which so much reverence constantly subjected him, and longing on this account for his old solitude, he resolved to escape into Upper Egypt where he was as yet unknown. As he was ignorant of the route to be pursued he joined a company of Saracens who made stated journeys in that direction. He traveled with them three days and three nights, at the end of which time they arrived at a very high mountain. Here he took up his abode near a spring which was shaded by a few palm-trees. The Saracens gave him some bread, and always passed that way as they went and came expressly to supply him,—a humanity which his disciples seldom practiced towards heretics, to say nothing of Mohammedans. This mountain was at a day's journey from the Red Sea and bears until to-day the name of Colzim, or St. Anthony's Mount.

Anthony did not leave this retreat until the controversy broke out between Athanasius and Arius, when he hastened to the assistance of the former, to whom he attached himself in a bond of friendship which lasted until Athanasius died.

St. Anthony is said to have worked a great many miracles; he held several discussions with the philosophers of his day, and always covered them with confusion. The Emperor Constantine is reputed to have written to him relative to the Arian controversy, and we are told that he sent in return a very earnest plea for Athanasius.

It was in the year 341, or thereabouts, that he discovered St. Paul in his retreat. His most familiar devil came to him in the form of spiritual pride; but the voice of God told him one night that there was a man far out in the desert who had lived there for a longer time and in a more holy manner than he had. Burning with a desire to see him, Anthony set out upon his journey, supporting himself upon his staff,—for he was then about ninety years old. He knew not whither he went, but God led him on, and after three days of excessive fatigue he arrived before the cave where Paul took up his abode in the very year when Anthony was born. The entrance to the cave was so dark that Anthony could not see his way before him. He stepped lightly, pausing now and

then to listen, when at last he caught sight of a faint light in the distance. Quickening his pace incautiously, he struck his foot against a rock with so much force that Paul heard the noise and closed his door, which had been open until then. Anthony prostrated himself upon the earth and remained there a long time, begging the hermit to admit him. "You know," said he, "who I am, where I come from, and the object of my visit. I do not deserve to see you, it is true; but nevertheless I shall not leave this spot until my eyes have beheld you. I will sooner die at your door and let you bury my body here."

"Threats should not accompany petitions," answered Paul at last. "But why should you be surprised that I refuse to see you if you are come resolved to die so near me?" Then with a smile he opened the door; and they embraced, calling each other by his name, although neither had ever heard that of the other pronounced before. After having knelt in prayer, they exchanged the kiss of peace, according to the practice of the early church, and then Paul asked for information concerning the human race. Did they build houses still in the cities? What king ruled the world? What was the condition of the church? Had tyrants ceased to persecute it?

It was during this conversation that a raven, which every day for sixty years had brought half a loaf of bread to Paul, now brought a whole one for the dinner of these two saints. A dispute immediately arose between them as to who should break the loaf. Paul insisted that Anthony should, urging his right as guest. But Anthony declared that Paul should do it, since he was the oldest. Finally, like Alexander's famous adventure with the Gordian knot, they agreed that each should take hold of one end of the loaf and pull, after a thanksgiving custom, until it broke. Then, having drank a little water from the spring which flowed within the cave they passed the night in prayer.

At daybreak, St. Paul, conscious that his hour was nigh, said to St. Anthony that he had known a long time that such a person lived in the desert, God having promised that he should see him; and now that his time to die had come, he



felt sure that St. Anthony had been sent to bury him. The latter, overwhelmed with grief at the prospect of losing so great a treasure in this summary manner, besought the hermit to take him with him. Paul, in order to spare Anthony the sorrow which his death would cause him, asked him to go and get the mantle which Athanasius had given to his great friend, the Father of the Cenobites, and wrap his body in it.

St. Anthony, astonished at these words, for he had never told Paul anything about this mantle, thought he saw Jesus Christ himself, again incarnate, before him. He forgot now all his grief at the thought of separation, and hastened back to his monastery, where he arrived in so short a time that it has been thought necessary to suppose another miracle performed by him ; for the old man had been exhausted and emaciated by long fasts and midnight vigils. Two of his disciples ran out to meet him and inquired where he had been for so long a time. But completely absorbed in what he had seen, and intently bent upon returning speedily, he muttered only in reply, "Oh, miserable sinner that I am, I am unworthy of the name of a monk ! I have seen Elijah, I have seen John the Baptist in the wilderness, I have seen Paul in paradise." He refused to make any further explanation, and taking the mantle he hurried away into the desert. Some of his disciples, following along a short distance, besought him to tell them what he had seen ; but he replied, "There is a time to speak, and there is a time to keep silent."

He did not stop to eat, but hastened away. Before he had proceeded far, however, he saw the soul of Paul, radiant with light, mounting into the heavens and surrounded by angels, prophets, and apostles. Prostrating himself upon the earth and throwing sand upon his head, he cried out, his voice broken with sobs, "Oh, Paul ! why do you leave me ? I have not said adieu. Why should I have known you so late, only to lose you so soon ?" The rest of the way he seemed to fly ; and when he arrived at the cave he saw the hermit, who was kneeling upon the earth, his head raised, and his hands extended towards heaven. At first, Anthony thought that he

was engaged in prayer ; so he knelt and prayed too, but after a short time, noticing that Paul did not sigh, as was his custom, he knew that he was dead. He clasped him in his arms, and, wrapping the body in his mantle, he chanted a psalm, according to the usage of the church.

As he had nothing with which to dig a grave, Divine Providence sent two lions which came from a remote part of the forest, and crouching at Paul's feet they testified their sorrow by low moans. Then, flattening their tails and diligently applying their claws, they scooped out a hole in which Anthony buried the body, and heaped the earth above it according to custom. This sad duty being performed, he returned to his monastery, carrying with him, as a rich prize, the robe which Paul had worn for many years, having made it himself, out of palm-leaves braided together. Ever after at Easter, and on other solemn occasions, he arrayed himself in this sacred garment. St. Jerome wrote the life of Paul. A good many years afterwards some one carried his body to Venice, and from there it was taken to Hungary, where it was preserved in a church belonging to an order which claims him as its founder.

It is probable that this mantle or robe, or chasuble, as it is called by different writers, which St. Paul wore was square in form, like a quilt, with a hole in the centre through which the saint thrust his head. At least such is the inference that we draw from several pictures of the Father of Hermits which we have seen.

We may be pardoned, perhaps, if we indulge here in a few remarks upon the character of the habiliments worn by the early monks. The majority of the anchorites in the East wore hair-cloth, as they found upon experiment that this made them the most uncomfortable. Some covered themselves with the skins of sheep or goats. Theodoret (*Hist. Relig.*, c. 1) tells us of a hermit who wore a tunic and also a mantle made of coarse goat-hair. He relates, elsewhere, that a party of Jews journeying to a city in Syria were overtaken by a terrific storm and lost their way. Traveling a long time without finding a shelter, they came at last

to the cave of an anchorite whose appearance was frightful to behold. He was emaciated by hunger and exposure, and he wore upon his shoulders nothing but a few tattered pieces of goat-skin. The saint welcomed them cordially, however; and after they had rested awhile, he gave them two lions by whom they were conducted until they struck the right path again. Theodoret also speaks (chap. 27) of a solitary, by the name of Baradat, whose garb was still more remarkable. It was a tunic, made of heavy skins, which covered him from head to foot. There were two small holes, one for the nose and the other for the mouth, so as to permit respiration. There was a solitary by the name of Zeno who gave up a large fortune and the profession of arms, and then retired to a sepulchre near the city of Antioch. He considered new skins, no matter how bristling or heavy they might be, as enervating and effeminate in their tendency, and thought that no true man of God would ever consent to wear any except those that were old, hard, and dirty. Serapion never wore anything but a shroud or a strip of cloth; hence he was called the "sindonite."\* When linen was worn it was usually the color of mourning, black in the East and white in Egypt. Finally, Sulpitius Severus in his Dialogues (I., c. ii.) quotes a French monk who had been in Egypt and stated that he saw a hermit there who had lived in one of the caves on Mount Sinai more than fifty years, with no other covering than the long hair which grew upon his body, and gave him the appearance of a wild animal. The anchorite Gregory passed thirty years in the desert entirely naked; and another, whose name is not mentioned, lived sixty-two years in the same manner in a cave near the Dead Sea, and never ate anything but herbs.

St. Anthony lived about fifteen years after the death of St. Paul. He died the seventeenth of January 356, at the age of one hundred and five. Paul was a hundred and thirteen when he died. The abstinence which these old saints prac-

---

\* The word "Sindon," now nearly if not quite obsolete in our language, is probably derived from the Greek *σύνδω*, to wind.

ticed does not appear to have shortened their lives. It would seem that in those days the less a man ate and the more he exposed himself to the inclemency of the weather, the longer he was sure to live.

---

## THE DEVIL-WORSHIPERS.

BY F. W. HOLLAND.

MAJOR MILLINGER, in his "Wild Life among the Koords," has given the latest news of the most curious sect anywhere known, the supposed worshipers of Satan. They are named Yezids, and number nearly a quarter of a million; they centre around the grave of Adi, in Koordistan, where they hold a grand annual festival, as Layard told us twenty years ago.

Their faith is exceedingly simple, resting on the principle of Zoroaster, that the homage of the soul may be offered either to the embodiment of all goodness, or to that of all evil; and the reason for their strange choice is said to be that Deity is so merciful he does not need propitiation; but the great Enemy is so malicious that everything must be done to appease his spite. Though they never name his name, he is known among them as Sheitan,—that is, Satan,—and Melek el-Kut, or Melek Tauss, signifying "angel peacock," intimating that vanity was the cause of this great angel's fall. It is on account of this exacting nature of the great enemy they are said to offer him profoundest homage, to bear up the image of a peacock whenever they pray, the priest even employing it to give his benediction. He is still supposed to be waging war with Deity, and likely to come out even at last from the terrible contest, and find his way back to heaven. The worst curse they can utter upon any enemy is, "May you die in blue,"—the color being detestable to them as a reminder of the place from whence this great rebel leader fell. They have, by popular report, daily devotions, quarterly fasts, and a grand gathering once a year around a bottomless pit, where they sacrifice sheep, arms, dresses, coins, to the dark divinity, and finish up with a midnight dance which is said to be consummated by truly infernal orgies.

Not very long ago a similar meeting was believed to be held by the European votaries of the Devil. And the most ingenious conjecture connected with witchcraft is that the rumor of such meetings grew out of the secret conventions of heretics; which, in times of persecution, were of necessity held under the veil of darkness, in lonely places, and with such expressions of affection as might be easily charged with criminality.

These Yezids or Yezidis are really a noble body of men, excellent riders and steady fighters, naturally polite and exceedingly hospitable, anxious to escape Turkish conscriptions because they detest the persecuting Mussulmans, and hopeful of the distant future when they expect salvation through the reconciliation of all things to God.

But the most remarkable fact is, they freely welcomed Layard to their grand annual solemnity, which Major Millinger did not witness, and no part of it was addressed to Satan, nor was it in the neighborhood of any gloomy abyss. Three things only struck Layard's attention: the great abundance of joyous, instrumental music; the sacrifice of a sheep at the tomb of Sheikh Adi; and the passing of the right hand through the flame of a lamp which was rubbed upon the forehead and touched upon children. And several things (besides their courage and their beauty) lead us to the belief that they have been misrepresented to excuse the terrible persecutions to which they have been subjected. No man of them has recanted; of course no man has ever turned "state's evidence." Their only poem which has been translated is praise of Adi as the vicegerent of God. They certainly revere both the Old and New Testaments, especially the Old. They baptize as Christians, circumcise as Jews, reverence the sun like Sabeans, seek no converts, die cheerfully for their religion, and are probably a genuine relic of the ancient Chaldeans.

Some years ago they were very powerful; but because they were not "Masters of the Book," — that is, did not swear by Koran or Bible, — a war of extermination was waged against them. Turkish irregulars were let loose upon them to steal their back pay, whole villages were swept away, and thousands were driven into Russian territory, as other thousands were suffocated in caves, and their children sold into slavery. Of late, the British Minister at the Ottoman Porte has secured them some relief, and they are prospering as much as anything can in a Turkish province.

## LIFE AT AN ACADEMY.

THE community have been startled at no distant interval by events occurring at two of our most prominent academies. By one of these events a venerated teacher was suddenly stricken down in the very building consecrated by his long and faithful labors, with the Bible in his hand, and about to instruct a class on the morning of a Sabbath day. In the other case thousands were affected by the intelligence that the edifice where they had received their preparatory education, had been laid in ashes. The passing generation of students have many pleasant associations, and not a few sacred recollections, connected with these institutions.

It seems a fit occasion to say a word of this class of seminaries. Without disparaging other schools which in so many instances have taken their places, we are constrained in justice to pay a deserved tribute to the academy.

Our high schools are now receiving a larger and preponderating share of public favor, and not more, perhaps, than they merit. Yet the academy has certain advantages that should not be overlooked.

As a rule, the number of students is not as large as that of the high schools in our populous places. An opportunity is thus afforded for that direct individual instruction and personal influence so desirable, and yet so seldom perfectly attained. Prof. Agassiz gave it as his opinion that the great defect of our public schools is that they are too crowded, and that their true success would never be reached until the number under one teacher was reduced at least to fifty. We want our schools of such size that each scholar shall feel the personal influence of the teacher. If he is fit for his vocation, that influence will be greater than every other instrument in their culture. No one can doubt that instruction, to be of the best quality, must be adapted to the individual mind. This is what gives such power to the education in some of the English schools and colleges. The

custom of employing private tutors, either to supplement the general instructions, or as an exclusive method, is very prevalent abroad. Doubtless it is attended with some evils, but its great principle, that of the thorough personal influence of the teacher, can never be overestimated.

In a moral aspect, the system I speak of is of eminent value. It furnishes a substitute for that excessive emulation which is so detrimental to character, and yet is of necessity relied upon in very large institutions of learning. It will be said, perhaps, that the scholar is hereafter to live and act amid competitions and emulations, and why not use their stimulus in his preparatory schools? For the very reason that society fosters this spirit at every turn, and our political life is rife with it, I would not excite but check it in childhood and youth. We have enough of envy and jealousy, of bitterness and resentment in our community, without sowing their seeds in the schoolroom. Far better awaken a love of knowledge for its own sake, an appetite for intellectual improvement, and a life-long thirst for the development of our noblest powers and capacities. All this comes naturally from the personal influence of a good teacher, one of a high moral as well as mental tone.

We have many excellent instructors in our high and grammar schools; none, in many cases, could be better. The wonder is that they accomplish so much under the disadvantages from which they sometimes suffer. In a good academy, such as we often had in the past generation, the influences I would encourage were most happily exerted. "The Preceptor" exercised in such instances a sort of magnetic power over the comparatively small circle of his scholars. He inspired them with a love of study; he secured the affection of his whole charge; they placed implicit confidence in his word; he was in many cases their ideal of a Christian gentleman, mild yet firm in his discipline, allowing large liberties to his pupils, privileges which they never abused. Under his gentle sway their minds were liberally cultivated, and at the same time their hearts were developed aright,



their habits took a right turn, and the whole character was established on a broad and firm basis.

The academy lays the foundation for some of the best acquaintances and the strongest friendships of all succeeding years. Its narrow circle quickens many generous affections, and leaves behind it associations and memories which are a treasure to one through life. Whatever influences may separate us in the world, back of all subsequent experiences, we turn to those happy days. No man of any tolerable sensibility, however elevated in position, or advanced in attainments, can fail to revert with joy to the old scenes of his early learning, and to welcome ever after those who shared with him its golden opportunities.

The permanence of the instructors of our academies is another element of good. Many an Abbot or a Taylor we can find in the long lines of these tried and faithful servants. The tenure of their office was not subject to popular caprice, nor to the prejudices or undue preference for other candidates in some unjust member of a school committee. Their position was, in many instances, regarded, like that of a minister, as for life; and seldom did they leave their post except from their own determined purpose. Class after class they prepared and sent, with few final rejections, to our colleges, or dismissed with a ripe culture to the active duties of practical life. Generation after generation even sometimes went forth from their halls with a perpetual benediction upon teacher and school.

And not the living teacher alone, but the very building where we enjoyed his instructions, is hence hallowed in memory. If it stands on through our manhood, we love to revisit the old structure, and call up then and there the faces of the companions of our boyhood. And, should devouring flames lay its walls in ruins, we would fain go to the spot, like the Jew mourning over his fallen temple, and pour out the lament, "Our holy and beautiful house where our fathers praised thee is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste." And now that the gold has become

dim and the most pure gold changed, we would give of our substance, and exhort others to a like offering, to rebuild with pious zeal the fallen edifice, that our sons may go up thither where our feet were once led in the ways of wisdom.

Honor to the noble spirits who laid the foundations of these goodly buildings. They rendered, not only an intellectual, but often a moral service to our youth for which we cannot be too grateful. They often "buildd better than they knew." Among the many benefactors of the great cause of education in New England, I think the man who, like Phillips or Dummer, endows an academy liberally, providing, as he is able, both for building and instructor, without stint, should be held by us in everlasting remembrance.

These remarks have been prompted largely by personal recollections of my own experience in one of these venerable institutions. The time had come when I must quit my dear home, never again to feel that my heart could nestle there in abiding peace. With a few natural tears I part from my mother and realize that it is the funeral of my boyhood. Sixteen long miles with my father, in the well-worn chaise, brings me to a village "beautiful for situation," in the midday glow of early September. But everything is glaring and strange; these are new faces all: for even my room-mate is a lad from a neighboring town whom I had never met before. We are introduced to the Preceptor, a thin, dark-skinned, and darker eyed man, who receives us without a smile, a gift which, from his constitutional gravity, he seldom gave to any one. A boarding-house is found, pleasant in location; but shadows and darkness would have more befitted my feelings. The next morning we enter the academy. All is stiff and formal and reserved; classes are arranged and lessons assigned for the afternoon. But my mind is far away; I am walking up the green avenue to that precious homestead; I am amid the circle of brothers and sisters, and my lips again meet that dear mother's. From day to day the scene is photographed on the sensitive heart; and when Saturday morning arrives, my room-mate, whose homesickness had intensified my own, seconds my suggestion that we set our faces to the south, and walk to

our several homes. His, being some miles nearer than mine, is reached before dark ; but I, exhausted and in the depth of night, enter the house of an old acquaintance and friend, and am welcomed to shelter until a new day. Before the Sabbath bell I reach my father's door, and break upon the family like one from the dead. That was a Sun-day indeed to my craving spirit. After two days' happy interviews with my nearest kindred, I am reconciled to return, and, although often yearning for that spot, never, at any subsequent moment, knew that primal heart-ache for home.

I entered with zeal on my studies, and found my teacher, as all who were earnest for progress did, a kind helper and friend. But wo to the urchin who was remiss in application and faltered in his recitations. The lame man, unfortunately nervous in the extreme, would then plait that old-fashioned "tunic" like a deft seamstress, and so throw about his crutch as to endanger the head of the offender.

Let me here speak of this good man more particularly ; and I shall gather some traits from a faithful portrait of him recently sent me by one for many years an inmate of his family. He was born, as is supposed, in 1780, although no record remains of that fact, the town records having been lost by fire. In his boyhood he met with an accident which rendered him seriously lame, and, being of a studious disposition, he resolved to obtain a collegiate education. He entered Harvard, and belonged to the far-famed rebel class of 1808, a sixth part of which did not receive their degrees for a long period, and two of their number not until fifty-eight years after. This class contained several subsequently distinguished, as Charles Colesworth Pinckney, R. H. Dana, Sen., Gov. Smith of Maine, and Prof. Walter Channing. Mr. Groce taught the Academy at Westford fourteen years, until 1822 ; and the number of his scholars, which seldom rose so high as fifty, enabled him to give each a thorough personal drill. This is shown by the fact that he never employed an assistant, except for a few weeks during two years of his life. In 1817 he read law a short time ; but nature made him exclusively for a teacher. That was his lot, and in

it he shone. Students came from far and near to enjoy his instructions. Prominent on the roll are the names of Rev. Dr. Hosmer, President of Antioch College, Gen. Samuel Chandler of Lexington, Dr. Edward Jarvis, now of Dorchester, Mr. John Fessenden, the first scholar in his class and afterwards tutor in the college, and Mr. John Wright, since a leading member of the Worcester bar.

Mr. Groce had a sensitive temperament and was timid in danger, so that in a severe thunder-storm he would sometimes dismiss his school. Subject to depression at times and occasionally irascible, he was yet thoroughly conscientious. He was a close observer of human nature, and studied the character of each new scholar, that he might adapt his instructions to every peculiar trait. He possessed a clear mind, and was an acute reasoner, delighting in John Locke. His ward tells me he was not a great reader, liked writers of Queen Anne's time, looking into the works, perhaps occasionally, of Scott, or Cooper, or James; and so averse was he to writing, that my friend says he received but two letters from him in twenty-two years. Strict, many thought stern, in his little realm, he once said "a schoolmaster should be a despot in his schoolroom;" he was yet kind to indulgence in his family, and could descend, it was said, at times, to quite small talk. His neighbors often consulted him for his sound judgment and good common sense.

Although not deficient in other branches, he shone in the classics. The Greek and Latin Grammars were as familiar to him as the alphabet; and in English Grammar he had a system of his own, based on old Alexander. His pronunciation of foreign names was decidedly original. Some of his Boston boys would be struck speechless when, in the reading of "Scott's Lessons," he substituted his own pronunciation of names of Roman artist's for theirs.

His sternness of thought and manner were doubtless increased by his theological views. He was a thorough Calvinist, and although he never joined any church, when the people in his town became divided, he retained his connection with the Orthodox Society. Speaking once of the Unitari-

ans, he objected to their system that "it robbed Christ of his dignity and destroyed the value of the atonement made by him." He believed in total depravity, and thought that it required an infinite atonement, which could only be made by a being of infinite perfections. It is evident that the cornerstone of his faith was the Calvinistic dogma of man's native and total depravity. Mr. Groce was not a strong partizan, either in theology or politics, although he called himself orthodox, and gave his vote with the Federal party, then with the Whigs, and finally with the Republicans.

On leaving the academy he retired to a farm, and continued in the cultivation of the soil until his death in 1856. Although his reserved manners kept him from very intimate acquaintance with his fellow-townsmen, he left behind him a name held in the highest respect.

The annual visit of the Trustees of the Academy in August was an occasion of great terror to the students. Among them were Judge Prescott of Groton, President of the Board, the venerable Dr. Hedge, and Professor Willard of Harvard University, the latter a grave and wise, although kindly man, who sat always by his side. The examination occupied only one day. But, conducted before those revered dignitaries, coming from the mystic and renowned shades of Harvard, and with great strictness, so far as we proceeded, the anticipation of it was fearful, and when past, our hearts beat freer and our faces beamed with their old joy.

Among the trials of academy life, not the least sometimes is the privation of proper nutriment for the body. The boy, in his rapid growth, requires a substantial and abundant supply of food. Of the several boarding-places at which I stopped during my preparation for college, I recollect one or two where I was absolutely unfitted for study by my sufferings from hunger. I have since often been reminded of a speech made at a meeting of one of our public institutes of education by a worthy man who kept a boarding-school for boys. "I am troubled," said the speaker, "in my school by nothing more than the deportment of my scholars at the table, particularly in regard to their food. I am alarmed, Mr.

President, at the quantity of food they consume." This same alarm I have occasionally detected on the face of a good landlord, but we were too sorely pinched in our rations to give any grounds for such apprehensions. On many an occasion I would rush by the adjacent bakery, whose fragrant odors stirred me to the keenest pain. A boy cannot but suffer in mind as well as body from being placed in such a position. I am sure the foundation was there laid for evils from which, in a moral as well as physical regard, I have never recovered. The poor substitutes of confectionery, to which a boy in such circumstances is often driven, disorder the stomach for life. Important as a good teacher is, not less so is a generous diet. I would demand that every child be supplied with simple food ; but the supply should be liberal and good.

The academy, it seems to me, has a great advantage in securing a temporary separation from home in one's preliminary education. It thus gives a boy self-reliance and manliness of character. It prompts him to begin early the use of the pen in one of the best forms of composition. This exercise is usually a terror to the young ; and it is made much more so by the indiscreet methods of instruction on the subject. We set the boy to the task of writing on some abstract topic, forgetting that these are the last subjects the mind is able to grasp. The youth is thus compelled to resort to books for his materials, instead of being taught, as he should be, to express in simple language his own thoughts and feelings. I have preserved the first piece of composition I ever wrote. Its stiff and formal air leaves me in doubt whether it was drawn wholly from my own reflections : some of it, I am confident, must have come from what I had read on the subject. Fortunately, I was obliged, by being separated from the family, to write occasionally home. This gave me a comparative facility in the use of the pen, which no elaborate composition could have furnished.

Then, again, by correspondence with those older and wiser than myself, I received many hints on the path of study and duty, which personal conversation would never have supplied. My father was a farmer, whose education had been limited ;

and yet how invaluable were some of his suggestions, expressed in simple language like this: "I write a few lines to you which I hope will be to your profit and satisfaction, and shall give the best advice I am capable of. The first is to love and trust in God; view all your privileges and talents as coming from him, and to be devoted to him. Next, let universal love to mankind excite you to do all the good in your power; I hope it will be your lot, in Providence, to promote the salvation of many. Cautiously avoid the company and conversation of unbelievers and misanthropes. By unbelievers I do not mean of your own sect, but those who do not believe in Christianity. The ways of religious truth are certainly the road to happiness, both in this and the world to come." In another letter he writes, "It is with great satisfaction I hear of your progress in study, and trust that, through the blessing of God, you will reap the advantage of your application through life. You say that you seldom are out of your study; perhaps you apply too closely for your health: exercise is necessary for the preservation of health. It is the ardent prayer of your parents that they may always discharge their duty to their children with fidelity; and when they see their children walking in the paths of virtue, it gives them unspeakable joy."

My parents were what was then termed "moderately orthodox," and I have no doubt it gave them great pleasure to know that I was attending the church of a minister who was sound in the faith. The Rev. Mr. B. was of the old school of divines, a thorough Calvinist: I am not sure that he did not rank among the Hopkinsians of the day. To show his strict manner of keeping the Sabbath, and that he was a true Puritan, I recall that he regarded holy time as beginning on Saturday evening. A neighbor once asked of him the loan of his horse to go to mill on the afternoon of that day. He went to his door, and looking up to the sky, said, "No: I am afraid the sun will set before you could get back." He was, I doubt not, a very sincere believer, and a thoroughly good man. His deportment in the pulpit was grave and solemn, but he was not attractive to us boys of the academy. Nature had



not gifted him with a fertile imagination, and his logic consisted chiefly in arguments intended to sustain the Westminster Catechism. His sermons, made up largely of Scripture quotations, were drawn out to great length; and with an unfortunate voice, highly nasal, and degenerating at times, especially when he became earnest, to a whine, his ministrations failed to edify his youthful hearers. During the vacations I heard a different style of preachers. In my native town, after having had a long succession of Calvinistic ministers, the people, for some three years, had been endeavoring to procure one of more liberal sentiments. I enjoyed hearing these preachers exceedingly. The contrast with what I heard when at school was most refreshing, and the more so because it was at that time a new thing. The controversy between Dr. Worcester and Dr. Channing was then going on; and before I entered college the community were electrified by the broad, bold, and inspiring sermon of Dr. Channing at Baltimore. After hearing a long series of candidates, alternating between orthodox and liberal, the church and society, by separate votes, united in the choice of a Unitarian minister.

It seems of capital importance that our sons should enjoy the privilege, while preparing for college, of hearing such preachers as will both interest and edify them. They go from home, where other influences, domestic and social, have guided them in right paths. Parental instruction and example have been a guard from evil courses, and helped to keep them in the way of a Christian faith and practice. In the absence of some of these helps and restraints, we should see to it that they have opportunity to hear the gospel preached in all its purity and attractiveness. At this docile and susceptible period of life, let them, if possible, be sure of hearing a good preacher, and of the upbuilding power — whether they are to be in the rank of teacher or scholar — of a well-constituted Sunday school, and an edifying Bible-class. The founders and benefactors of our academies might well pour out freely of their treasures in this way, not only to store and expand the intellect, but, what is of still higher and tran-

scending moment, to set up the pillars of character, to provide for the instruction of the heart, to secure the hearing of Christian truth, and to prepare these tender minds for life's great moral university.

---

## SUNDAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOSEPH FREIHERR VON EICHENDORFF.

THE night was scarcely over,  
One lark alone, with song,  
Winged the still air along;  
Whom greets that early rover?

Above the house-top bending,  
The garden trees gazed out,  
Far o'er the land about  
Expectant glances sending.

The flowers together banding,  
Like troop of children fair  
With dew-pearls in their hair,  
In festal garb were standing.

Why thus yourselves adorning,  
Ye little brides? thought I:  
One looked up with reply,  
"Hush, hush, — 'tis Sunday morning!

"E'en now the bells are pealing:  
The dear God soon, we know,  
Through the still wood will go."  
With awe rejoiced I, kneeling.

S. C. R.

## THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

BY HENRY A. MILES, D.D.

OUR Lord's parables constitute by far the larger part of his recorded words. Nearly all the great truths, duties, and promises he gave were delivered in this form. It is the envelope in which he folded them up, the shell enclosing the kernel of his gospel, the setting in which the pearl of great price is contained. The mode of teaching which was the result of his choice must surely be an object worthy of our careful study.

The parables give us the preaching of Christ. Of much of the preaching that is now heard from the pulpit we may say that it is nothing but the word of man, the logic, the rhetoric, the morals of man. Why should we come together on Sunday to hear a man speak to us,—any man of no more than the average wisdom and goodness? We need to hear Christ speak to us, a power and authority above that of man, and before which there are none so high but they must bow down in reverence.

Christ the real preacher in sermons,—this, I believe, is the only thing that can save preaching itself. In our day, all public speaking is carried to a great extent, both in amount and degree of excellence. To say nothing of harangues on the exciting topics of the times, look to our system of public lectures. To what a perfection it has bloomed out within a few years! The most gifted minds, on the most pleasing topics, after the most elaborate preparation, with all the stimulus that looks only to immediate applause, and with all the helps of frequent delivery of the same lecture, appear night after night, in the winter season, before large audiences, in all our cities and chief towns: and has the pulpit got to stand up by the side of this system and be compared with it?

The demand on the part of all sensible people will be no such thing. Let the secular lecture please the fancy, move

the mirth, and excite admiration as much as it can. A sermon is for a world-wide different object. It is to show us what a higher than man reveals, and to place us at the feet of him who spake as never man spake. And if it explains, simply and sincerely, with reference to our spiritual needs, Christ's sermons, the messages he brought, the parables he uttered, this is instruction which all ought to have, and there is no man in the world in a position so high as to be above the need of receiving it.

Thomas Carlyle, in one of his books, referring to the large attendance upon preaching generations ago, says that the sermon then took the place occupied in part by periodical literature now, and had the advantage of the belief that the sermon was, as he expressed it, "partly edited in heaven." Some pulpits still carry that authority with them. Where a preacher looks reverently to his Master and Head, some glimpses of a divine illumination will direct the thoughts of his hearers there also. He will have a force over men's hearts which no one who speaks in his own name can command. Pulpits which are a mere lecture platform may for a while, by the display of rare parts, command wide attention; but no wise man can doubt what will be the end thereof. "If a man abide not in me he is withered;" and in how many parishes is the truth of these words seen to-day?

Perhaps in every preceding age of Christendom preaching has been more expository than it is now. The specimens we have of the sermons of the primitive church, the homilies of the middle ages, the textual discourses so common with our fathers a generation or two ago, all were aimed to unfold the meaning of the Bible. But if of the preaching at the present day it should be said that we preach not so much the gospel as ourselves, perhaps the charge may have too much of truth and justice in it to make it easy to furnish a reply.

We preach on subjects rather than on texts. We argue out a point in morals or theology rather than collect the rays of light on that matter which are scattered in the Scriptures. We make our philosophies, our creeds, the controversies of the times, or the passing events of the day, the topics of dis-

course, and not a line of thought suggested by evangelist or apostle. And because sermons thirty or forty years ago were made up so much of mere texts of Scripture hastily strung together, we have gone into the other extreme; and whole sermons will sometimes have nothing of the Bible about them, except a verse at the beginning, and there used more as a mere motto than anything else.

In what we have now said our object has been to suggest a plea for a more careful study of the parable. And, first of all, we meet the question, Why did our Lord adopt the parable as his means of instruction?

We think that the answer which is usually given to this question hardly goes to the bottom of the subject. It is said that Jesus simply conformed to the fashion of his age. No doubt the parable was then much more in vogue than it is now. It was a favorite mode of instruction with most of the Oriental nations; and, although we meet it but seldom in the Old Testament, it is of frequent occurrence in Hebrew literature of a later date.

It is no doubt true, therefore, that Jesus did conform to the fashion of his age. Here is another instance of many where our Lord fell gently and quietly into the customs of his times. He affected no singularity. In his dress, in his mode of living, in his speech, there was nothing that outwardly marked him and separated him from others. His whole life appears so peculiar compared with the customs of our times that we are apt to think that it stood out in like contrast with the customs of his times. But herein we fall into a mistake. A contemporary Jew saw nothing in Jesus that outwardly distinguished him from anybody else.

But it is not necessary to think that a conformity to prevailing use was the only reason, or the highest reason, with our Lord to select the form of the parable. He saw that it had an intrinsic and permanent fitness for the purpose of publishing his gospel to the world. Several circumstances illustrate this fitness.

He wished to have his words sink deep into the memory of man. A story is what we all most easily remember. Of the

lecture you heard last week you may not recall anything except the anecdotes brought in as illustrations, and if they were pertinent and striking it is almost impossible to forget them. What an advantage then to a Teacher of all mankind the choice of a mode of instruction which would brand his words ineffaceably into the memory of the world!

But its moral power depends upon much more than the memory. The parable is pre-eminent for its lively impression on the imagination, and its persuasive appeal to the heart. Of all the various ways in which language has ever been put together, there has never been anything so heart-searching and impressive as the parables of Christ.

And yet, I can imagine some one asking, Where is their mighty excellence? Forty common household words, he may say, — is it a hard and wondrous thing to put them together so as to make a picture which the world shall admire?

Now, in reply, I observe, let us see how it is in other cases. A hammer, a chisel, and a block of marble, — is it a hard and wonderful thing to make out of these a Dying Gladiator or a Greek Slave? A few oil colors, a brush, and a canvas, — is it a hard and wonderful thing to make out of these a Sistine Madonna or a Transfiguration?

Because we work with very common instruments, and try to reproduce a well-known object, it does not follow that it is easy to do it; while to do it *perfectly*, so as to command the world's admiration and homage, requires the very stretch and top of genius.

I am speaking now of our Lord's parables as mere works of art. It is but the smallest praise of them to say that the literature of the world has nothing to equal them. We are familiar with them from our childhood, and so are blind to their beauty, and cannot so well judge of them as a common stone mason can judge of the merits of Chantrey's Washington.

These parables have a deep interest as illustrations of the poetry of common life. It has been often said that the world has grown old and decayed; life has lost its early freshness and charm; it has become mechanical and formal, and poetry

has long since fled the haunts of man. The noise of the factory has driven away the water-nymphs from our rivers, the scream of the engine has banished the sylvan goddesses from our groves. What sentiment can there be in an age of steam, what play of imagination, what true poetry of the heart, where the talk is of nothing but dollars and machinery?

Every right-minded person knows how to estimate such talk as this, and feels full well that there *is* poetry in every lowly home, in every common, daily scene, if only we had the true eye to see it. In these affections that bind us together in the relation of husband and wife and parents and children, in the allotments of our common humanity, in the little events that fill up every day's experience, there is a perennial fountain of poetry, if only we can look at them in their highest relation, and see in them what is of ever deep and thrilling interest to the universal heart.

Jesus came in the midst of an old, worn-out civilization, in a formal and hypocritical generation, among a people leading as lean, withered, dry, and unimaginative a life as one can conceive of; but, lo! as by the wand of a mighty magician, everything became new at his touch. What poetry did he give to the fields where the grain was sown, to the laborers in their daily toil in the vineyard, to the homely cares of woman kneading her bread with leaven, to every lowly scene which he encompassed with beauty and glory in his divine similitudes? And this he did by showing in them some higher relation, investing them with a spiritual significance, and making them as a glass in which something divine seemed to mirror itself. This is always the highest aim of "the vision and faculty divine;" and how truly does Jesus deserve that name "poet" which Renan so often gives him!

It is our unpoetic life which for us drives poetry out of the world. It is because we see the earth only through earthly eyes, because we do not recognize these higher relations, and see these divine spiritual associations which have power to beautify the coarse, lift up the lowly, give wealth to the poor, and make old things pass away and all things new.



These parables, as we may notice still further, are hints that a spiritual meaning underlies all outward scenes and all common events. In the soil yielding only thorns and briars Jesus saw a parable of man's heart when bereft of spiritual husbandry; in the weeds which mingle with the wheat, and yet are separated from it at the harvest, he saw a parable of that future sundering of the wicked from the righteous; in the decaying of the seed in the earth, and in the rising from that decay of a new stalk and a fruitful ear, he saw a parable of the final resurrection of the good to a more perfect life. Why may we not look upon all these as hints that there is something spiritual underlying every material fact, that all life's actions have a divine meaning hidden beneath them, that every outward duty we perform is a parable of something divine, that our bodies are parables of the soul, and the universe a parable of God?

And thus, as Trench in his work on Parables has well suggested, beside his revelation in words, God has another and an elder, and one indeed without which it is inconceivable how that other could be made, for from this it appropriates all its signs. The entire moral and visible world, from first to last, with its kings and its subjects, its parents and its children, its sun and its stars, its sowing and its harvest, its light and its darkness, its sleep and its waking, its birth and its death, — what is it all but a mighty parable, a great outshadowing of spiritual truth, a help at once to our faith and understanding? Let us believe that one day the whole outward world will be translucent with the divine idea which it embodies, and which, even now, despite its dark spots, shines through it so wondrously.

It may help us to discern this spiritual significance of all outward things if we carefully observe the manner in which Jesus interpreted them. For this purpose each of his parables may well be the subject of a critical study. A series of precious caskets, we should open each one of them, and see what Jesus has put within. A shelf of priceless volumes, we should take them all down, one after the other, to read what Jesus hath there written with his own hand.

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

## THE LABOR QUESTION.

FOR nearly forty years we have watched the varying phases of this question, and the progress which has been going on with a constant and, on the whole, an irresistible pressure towards an improved condition of the laboring classes. In such matters, legislation only comes in to keep what has already been gained. Trades Unions, sometimes useful, and if properly managed, capable of great good in securing rights and privileges which ought to be granted, are too often managed by ambitious and unscrupulous demagogues, and made the instruments of violence and wrong. The question itself, or rather the movement which has been going on for more than half a century, is by far the most important of all the purely social questions or movements which have been agitating the public mind. Among the laboring classes the tendency has been towards fewer hours of labor, higher wages, greater comforts of living, superior advantages of education. Under this steady movement, with occasional outbreaks and acts of violence or wrong, the greatest and most beneficent revolution in our modern times is going on. The lines, which have separated the more privileged from the laboring classes, have been growing less marked. The highest advantages that society has to offer, of intellectual, social, and moral culture, are brought more equally within the reach of all.

There are those who feel that this is all wrong. Even "The North-American Review," which we look upon as the ablest exponent of modern science in its application to political, industrial, and social questions, does not seem to us to comprehend the real bearing of this stupendous movement towards the emancipation of the laboring classes, or the vital fact which renders such an emancipation possible.

We propose hereafter to treat this subject more at large ;

and therefore content ourselves now with a statement of one single fact, which if properly used may, under the humanizing influences of our religion, lead to a higher and more universally diffused civilization than the world has ever known.

In consequence of the wonderful inventions of the last eighty years, in many departments of industry, two hours of manual labor now will accomplish more than fourteen hours would have accomplished seventy or even fifty years ago. Taking into account all the departments of labor, it is probably within the range of strict truth to say that one hour's work now will produce as much as four hours' work would have done fifty years ago. This fourfold productiveness of labor may enable the laborer to do twice as much as he formerly did and yet have one-half the time formerly spent in hard work on his hands for other and more elevating pursuits. The annual production of wealth in the community by each individual may be doubled, and yet only half as many hours be employed in labor.

This is the fact which forms a logical reason for the eleven-hour, for the ten-hour, for the eight, or even the seven-hour movement, as fast as the different classes of society, and especially the laboring classes, are prepared for such a condition of things. We have been advancing towards it for fifty years, and the movement in that direction has never been so strong or rapid as it is to-day.

The discussions and inquiries before a committee of our State legislature with reference to the regulation of the hours of labor, and a bill limiting the hours of labor for minors, which passed the House but failed in the Senate, bring this subject properly within the "Topics of the Month." We do not think that legislation on this matter is of vital importance. It cannot make ten hours equal in value to eleven, any more than it can change the multiplication table or the law of gravitation. But it may correct many abuses. It may save children from cruel exactions upon their time and strength. It may demand and secure for them educational advantages. And it may by a ten-hour act express its opinion that that is a reasonable day's work.

The most reasonable article that we have seen on the subject is in the "Old and New," and is furnished by an able, intelligent, and experienced manufacturer, who, as a practical man, takes strong ground in favor of the ten-hour system.

#### HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

At the time that we write this article Gen. S. C. Armstrong, the founder of this institution, is in New England, seeking additional funds to enable him to carry out more perfectly his plan for the education of teachers for the colored people of the South. He unites in his school manual labor and intellectual and moral instruction. The school is divided into five companies, one of which works one school day in every week, while the whole school is at work every Saturday. The school is pleasantly situated in Hampton, Va. It has this year eighty-six scholars whom it is educating as teachers, and for whom there is a great demand, especially in Virginia and North Carolina. Thus far the school has been very prosperous. It is conducted on the most economical principles, and if it continues to go on in its prosperous career, its beneficent influence must be felt far and wide among the newly emancipated people of the South. There can be no abler or better persons to conduct educational enterprises in the South than Gen. Armstrong in Virginia and Miss Bradley in North Carolina.

#### LOUISE LATEAU.

We have received from a much respected correspondent the following account of very remarkable phenomena. The discussion belongs rather to the department of physiology and psychology than of religion. Extreme cases like this may be useful mainly in teaching us that we must not confine the sphere of natural influences within too narrow limits. These statements of fact may seem to many incredible simply because they are extraordinary. If, however, they come to us well authenticated, it is the part of science to

accept them, and keep them under its eye until it is able to classify and account for them. If they are true, and science has no place for them, it must make a place for them. Whether they shall be received as facts or not is merely a question of evidence.

"In a former number of this magazine there was given a short account of this ecstatic, a young girl in Belgium, in whom appeared the phenomena which are called the Stigmata of the Passion (this term is applied, by Roman Catholic writers, to the marks of the wounds on our Saviour's body, as shown in most pictures of the Crucifixion). This narrative was so startling as to appear incredible. Some further particulars of this case having lately been published since that time, and during the last two years, in regard to these strange incidents exhibited in the person of Louise Lateau, corroborating all before said of her, it may interest some readers to hear the account which we thus give.

"She was born in 1850, in one of the humblest cottages of Bois d'Haine. Her antecedents were in nowise remarkable: her father bore a good character, it is said — not of a nervous temperament, but robust and healthy, as were also his children. With but little food, and often no fire, they were hardy and able to work for their living. The subject of this sketch was devoted to her duties, one of which was the care of a sick relative. She then went to live with Madame H., at Brussels, who 'still retains a most sincere affection for her.' Her patience, piety, and devotion to the poor made her a favorite with those who knew her.

"In 1867 her health gave way: she suffered greatly from neuralgic pains — grew more ill. On the sixteenth of April she received the sacrament, as she was supposed to be dying. On the twenty-first she was so much better as to be able to walk to the parish church, a distance of nearly a mile, and her cure was so remarkable that it excited much attention. During the last two years, she has been continually the subject of medical and scientific observation, and many essays and treatises have been published on her case. Dr. Lefebvre, a distinguished medical professor, states that, during the twenty weeks she was under his superintendence, he took upwards of a hundred medical friends to examine the phenomena. The following quotations are made from an article in the last number of 'Macmillan's Magazine,' published in London.

"I shall now take up the history of the stigmatic bleedings,

which, as has been already observed, recur every Friday. If on any day during the week, from Saturday till Thursday morning, the hands and feet are examined, the following phenomena will present themselves: On the back and palm of each hand there is an oval spot or patch, redder than the rest of the skin and about half an inch in its longest diameter; these patches are dry, and somewhat glistening on the surface, and the centres of the two exactly correspond. On the dorsum and sole of each foot there are similar marks, nearly three-quarters of an inch in length, and having the form of a parallelogram with rounded angles. On examining with a lens, magnifying twenty diameters, the *epidermis*, or scarf-skin, is found to be whole, but very thin, so that the *luteis*, or true skin, can be seen through it. The latter appears to be in its natural condition, except that the *papillae*, or minute elevations in which the nerves of touch terminate, appear slightly atrophied and flattened. I have entered into these minute particulars with a view of showing how carefully Dr. Lefebvre has investigated these mysterious phenomena.

“The marks on the forehead are not permanent except on Fridays. The points from which the blood escapes cannot be distinguished. The chest was only occasionally examined during the ecstasy.

“The signs announcing the approaching bleeding begin to show themselves on Thursday, about noon. On each of the spots on the hands and feet a vesicle, or little bladder, begins to rise, which, when fully formed, exactly covers the patch, and is filled with transparent serous fluid of a more or less reddish tint. The bleeding almost always begins between midnight and 1, A.M., on Friday. The stigmata do not all bleed at once, but successively, and in no apparent order. A rent usually takes place in the raised cuticle which may be either longitudinal, conical, or triangular; the serous fluid then escapes, and the blood begins to ooze from the surface of the exposed *papilla*.

“Lastly, the ecstasy may begin when she is at her daily work. On one occasion (August 18, 1869), in the presence of Monseigneur d'Herborne, the Roman Catholic Bishop of British Columbia, she was working with great suffering and effort, at her sewing-machine, with the blood oozing from the stigmata on her feet, hands, and forehead, and trickling down her temples, cheeks, and neck upon the instrument, when it suddenly stopped; for she had at once passed into the fit. This kind of commencement has been wit-

nessed by several distinguished persons, including a professor at the seminary of Tournay.

“From the time that the ecstasy begins, her state may be described as follows: The girl sits on the edge of her chair with the body slightly inclined forward, as motionless as a statue. The bleeding hands rest, enveloped in cloths, on her knees, while the eyes are wide open and fixed, as described. The expression of the face is that of rapt attention, and she seems lost in the contemplation of some distant object. Her physiognomy during the seizure frequently changes; sometimes the features become quite relaxed, the eyes are moist, and the mouth half open and smiling; sometimes the lids will drop and partly veil the eyes, while the brow contracts, and tears roll down the cheeks; and at times she grows pale and there is a look of terror, accompanied by starts and suppressed cries. The body sometimes slowly rotates, and the eyes accompany the movement as if following some invisible object. Sometimes she rises from her chair and moves forward several steps, standing on tiptoe, with her hands raised, and either clasped or open like those of the Orantes of the catacombs; while the lips at the same time move, the breathing is rapid, the features are animated and full of emotion, and a face which ordinarily is almost plain becomes positively beautiful. About 1.30, P.M., she usually falls on her knees with her hands joined and her body bent very much forwards. The expression of the countenance is now one of the profoundest contemplation. In this position she remains for half an hour, and then resumes her seat. Towards 2, P.M., she begins again to lean slightly forward, and then rises, at first slowly, and afterwards more quickly: finally, as if by some sudden movement of projection, she falls with her face to the ground. In this position she rests on her chest, with her right arm under her head, her eyes shut, her mouth half open, and the lower limbs completely extended and covered to her heels by her dress. At 3, P.M., she makes a sudden movement; the arms are stretched out at right angles with the body in a cross-like fashion, while the feet are brought together and crossed, the sole of the left foot lying on the upper surface of the right. This position is kept till 5, P.M., when she starts upon her knees with a bound and assumes the attitude of one in prayer. After a few minutes of total absorption she sits down in her chair and remains, for a time, perfectly still.

“The ecstatic fit lasts until about 6 or 7, P.M., when it terminates in a most appalling manner. The arms fall and hang heavily by



the side of the body, the head drops on the chest, the eyes are closed, the nose becomes pinched, and the face becomes very pale, while the hands feel like pieces of ice, and a cold sweat breaks out over the whole body; the pulse is imperceptible, and there is rattling in the throat. This state lasts for some fifteen minutes, when the pulse returns, the bodily heat rises, and the color is restored; but there is still a peculiar, indefinable expression of the face. In a little time the eyes open, one object after another is looked at and recognized, the features relax, and the ecstatic fit is over.

Dr. Lefebre believes that during the paroxysm the intelligence, far from being dormant, is very active, although she is totally unconscious of everything that is going on around her: in short, that all her sensations are purely subjective. She distinctly and precisely recollects everything that has passed through her mind during the attack, but she always shows the greatest repugnance to be questioned on this subject. On one occasion, however, after much pressing, she gave brief but distinct answers to the questions put to her by her physician. She told him that after the ecstasy has set in she suddenly finds herself plunged into a vast flood of bright light; more or less distinct forms soon begin to evolve themselves, and she then witnesses the several scenes of the Passion as they successively pass before her.

“As an illustration of how she might be taken by surprise, Dr. Lefebre mentions that on the eleventh of April, 1870, he was quite unexpectedly called into the neighborhood, and, as it was a Friday, he thought he would see Louise. The moment that he knocked at the door he was admitted, and, passing through the common room where they were sitting, he entered her small apartment. The time was 3.45, P.M. The ecstatic was in a state of the most complete solitude, and he found her lying in the state already described, with her chest resting on the ground, and her arms extended, insensible, and totally unconscious of all around her. Her bleeding limbs were enveloped in no less than nine cloths. The blood which had trickled down her forehead had dried; the feet had not been bleeding; on the right hand the flow of blood was just stopping, and the clots were still soft; while on the left hand a continuous rivulet of blood escaped from both stigmata. Having satisfied himself on these points, he left her chamber without her having any knowledge of his visit.’

“Now what shall we say of this wonderful narrative, which was noticed in a former number of this magazine? and there were also

some interesting comments upon it. This young girl is described as being without imagination, remarkable for her straightforward character and good common sense; of a calm, cheerful temperament, very religious, without any display, her piety being simple, earnest, and practical. The hypothesis of fraud would seem to be put entirely out of the question, and by the thoroughness with which the case has been examined and ascertained, it has become one of the most remarkable phenomena of its kind ever known. What shall we make of it? How much of great interest this rare case suggests? Does it illustrate the connection between the soul and body,—an impassioned soul, and sensitive frame? Feeling expresses itself in a blush: is it possible that, by some rare and strange, though natural way, that sympathy with Jesus on the cross can redden the body with marks and blood?

"It would seem as if the case of poor Louise, on being intelligently studied, might have some great secret to be disclosed, and might even show us a mystery.

"'For I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.' E. C. M."

#### THE FIRE-BALLS OF JERUSALEM.

"The Radical" for April contains a sensible article on this subject. In A.D. 70, the temple of Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus the Roman general, and there was a wide-spread belief among the Christians that it would never be rebuilt. In order to remove this superstitious notion, the emperor Julian attempted to rebuild it in the year 363. But while the work was urged with vigor and diligence, "horrible balls of fire," says the historian Ammianus Marcellinus, "breaking out near the foundations, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place, from time to time, inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen," and the undertaking was abandoned. Gibbon, after mentioning the writers who give the account, says, "Such authority should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous mind. Yet a philosopher may still require the original evidence of impartial, intelligent spectators." The story has usually been discredited because of its improbable character. But "The Radical" finds that there were large subterranean vaults under the temple, and

that inflammable gases may have been generated there and ignited at the approach of the torches of the workmen. And we are now allowed to believe the account as historical, though before this explanation was given it was pushed aside and laughed at as a myth.

Now we venture to ask here, as in the account above given of Louise Lateau, what is the method of true science in dealing with such statements? Is it to reject what it cannot account for, simply because it cannot account for it, and without regard to the evidence? Or is it to accept the statements, if the evidence is trustworthy, and wait till we are able to explain them? Is our ability to account for and explain statements of fact to be the measure of our belief? If this course had always been pursued by scientific men, no new order of facts would ever have been accepted. They would have been wholly incredulous in regard to the revelations of the telescope and microscope and all the wonderful discoveries of chemistry. Does it never occur to these men that, in refusing to believe well-attested accounts relating to spiritual things, they are pursuing precisely the same course as was pursued by the Roman Catholic priests when they refused to believe what they saw with their eyes in looking through the glass of Galileo, because it did not accord with their preconceived opinions? What right have they to decide beforehand what sort of statements shall be credible and what shall not? Are they acquainted with all the laws and forces even of the material universe? Far less do they know of the spiritual forces which may lie behind all the phenomena of matter as a man's will lies behind the voluntary motions of his body and thus moves them from the sphere of merely physical laws. If the miracles of the New Testament are, as we believe they are, attested by evidence which cannot be mistaken, why is this evidence all to be set aside as of no weight on account of the nature of the facts alleged? We ought to accept the facts, and wait for the explanation. That is the scientific method. When we have studied into them and compared them with one another so as to know all about them, it may be that they will be to us as natural as the fire-

balls of Jerusalem now are. When we comprehend, as at some time we may, the mind of Jesus, and the relation of God's intellectual and moral forces to the phenomena of the material world, we may find in these miracles only the normal condition of things, only the orderly arrangement of cause and effect or the orderly sequence of events. In the meantime it is the part of science to accept the facts and wait till some great genius shall arise with insight profound enough, and thought, and knowledge large enough, to assign them to their place in the divine economy, which includes alike the laws of matter and of mind.

#### ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

One of the most imposing assemblies ever seen in Boston was the gathering at the Globe Theatre on Friday, May 12, of those who had once been members of the Army of the Potomac. Gen. Meade presided. Gens. Sheridan, Burnside, Hooker, McDowell, and others of similar distinction, were present. The tone of sentiment which evidently pervaded this assembly was one which could not but gratify every patriot. Two things particularly impressed us. One was the belief in the army as a permanent establishment necessary for the security and peace of the nation,—an evil indeed, as all government is an evil, but essential, nevertheless, to the good order and well being of society. The other thing which impressed us even more than this was the evidently strong feeling of the army veterans in favor of peace. One distinguished general, referring to the proposed treaty with England, spoke very earnestly on this point. "We," he said in substance, "ought to make war impossible. We know its horrors as no other class of men can, and we ought to exercise such an influence as forever to prevent its recurrence." This sentiment was received with loud applause, and evidently harmonized with the feelings of the large assembly. If, in 1860 and 1861, all the officers of the United States Army who disapproved of secession had caused it to be distinctly understood throughout the states to which they be-

longed that they would stand by the old flag, there would have been no secession and no war.

#### THE DÖLLINGER SCHISM.

We call the attention of our readers to the following statements from an article in "The Boston Daily Advertiser" of May 17. It relates to one of the most interesting movements of the age, and is evidently written by a person well acquainted with the subject. The existence of the Roman Catholic Church with its assertion of Papal Infallibility in this nineteenth century is an anachronism and anomaly which we can hardly account for. The power inherent in the old despotic hierarchical system of Rome is not, we fear, to be destroyed in one generation, though such an absurdity as the assertion of the Papal Infallibility in the light of the present age will do as much as any single act can do to shut it out from the sympathy of free and enlightened men.

"No religious movement for many years has so profoundly stirred the religious world of Europe as that in which Dr. Döllinger is the central figure. It was well known that many Catholics, both of the clergy and the laity, dissented from the dogma of infallibility; but the peculiar hold of the church on them prevented an expression of their views until they should have the sanction of some great name, and a rallying-point. Dr. Döllinger was precisely the man needed to come forward as their champion, and now all the dissenters from the new dogma are flocking to the standard in numbers that must be very alarming to the head of the church and his devoted adherents. A survey of the field will show how widespread is the schismatic movement, although from the nature of the case there are numerous circumstances similar to those we have collected which have not come to our knowledge.

"The first fact to be noticed is that the government of Bavaria is heartily enlisted on the side of Dr. Döllinger in this contest. Bavaria has been steadily a Catholic country. Nearly or quite three-fourths of its five million inhabitants have been instructed in the Catholic faith and are in its communion. Bavaria forbids the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility, and is in open war with the head of the predominating church. The King himself has incurred the penalty of the *excommunicatio minor* in more ways than one,—

first, by continuing the existence of communication with Dr. Döllinger, who is under the major penalties; again by neglecting or refusing to do the things required by the new article of faith, and probably once more by at least an 'inner denial' of the dogma, which is technically termed '*hæresis interna*' by the church. There are scores and hundreds of State officials who by merely continuing in office will become liable to the same form of ecclesiastical censure, while among the more educated clergy and laity there are few Catholics who do not subscribe to the opinions of the great Bavarian theologian, and thus cut themselves off completely from the church. Before this most recent controversy it was the general testimony that the Protestants were gaining ground. The exodus from the Catholic Church in Bavaria has now become an important movement.

"Turning to the other European countries, the effect of this schism is hardly less noteworthy. We have already referred to a nearly similar case in the canton of Lucerne, Switzerland, and we now learn from various indications that it by no means stands alone. Swiss clergymen and laymen are protesting against the dogma in considerable numbers. It is chiefly because there is no great name like that of Dr. Döllinger for the people to make a rallying-point, we suppose, that we hear so little of the movement in Switzerland. In Austria the opinions of the dissenters are shown by long and numerous signed addresses to the Bavarian doctor. Rome itself has felt the impulse. The most significant document yet comes from the professors of the University of Rome, being an address to Dr. Döllinger. They ascribe the imposition of the dogma to Jesuitic influence. 'The Catholic Church has been for three centuries,' they remark with epigrammatic truth, 'the company of Jesus.'

"These facts are sufficient to show what a profound sensation has been created through the whole of southern Europe by Dr. Döllinger's boldness. Even in Protestant countries there are not wanting evidences of a similar tendency. In England, particularly, there are symptoms of something like a general return to the English Church of those who seceded some years ago to Rome. It would not be correct to ascribe this movement to the Bavarian schism, because those who are leading in it have been brought to their late decision by a wholly independent process of thought; but the turning-point of their reasoning is the same as that which caused Dr. Döllinger to revolt, — the dogma of infallibility."

## CHRISTIAN UNITY.

The following language in harmony with what we wrote in our article under the above title in the March number is so beautiful in style and spirit that we gladly make room for it. We find it in "The Boston Daily Advertiser," Feb. 14. It is quoted by a London correspondent, who, writing under date of Jan. 26, 1871, says, "I have just read a sermon preached a few days ago before the University of Glasgow by one of the Queen's favorites, Prof. Caird, who is Professor of Divinity in the University."

"Theology is indeed the noblest of sciences. The human intellect has no higher employment than that of searching into its great problems, and trying to give clearness and systematic connection to our ideas of God and divine things. But perhaps it is those who have studied and labored most in this high province who are least disposed to exaggerate the religious importance of their work. Conscious of the immense difficulties that attend their inquiries at every step, knowing how hard it is for man's imperfect reason to grapple with them, how many are the causes of misapprehension and error, and how possible it is for the most conscientious inquirers to reach different conclusions, — aware of all this, perhaps it is those who have thought most and deepest on such subjects who shrink most from dogmatism and confident assertion. Perhaps there are those here who will sympathize with me when I say, that, as life advances, a more modest, a calmer, sweeter, more tolerant spirit begins to infuse itself into a man's mind. He begins to attach less and less importance to the points which divide sects and churches from each other, to think that few of them are worth a breach of charity, — at any rate to be convinced that it is not on these that the relation of the soul to God and eternity depends. Seeing in all churches men whose sweet and saintly lives breathe the very spirit of Christ, and of whom it is impossible to doubt that to Christ they are dear, shall he refuse to recognize those whom his Lord has received, or turn away with unchristian hardness and exclusiveness from men whom he may soon have to meet in heaven? No! whenever in the heat of party feeling, amid the weary strifes and rivalries of sects and churches, we are tempted to indulge the spirit of theological or ecclesiastical exclusiveness, or to feel for intellectual error the indignation and hostility that should



be reserved for sin, there is no one thought that may well bring us to a better mind. Let us recall to mind the good and holy men of different sects and churches who once were with us and are now in the presence of Christ, and ask whether the points which divided them here, and about which, it may be, they contended and wrangled so hotly, can keep them asunder there in that deeper, diviner life into which they have entered. Let us think, too, if it be ours to join one day their blissful society, whether we shall carry with us much of our ecclesiastical partizanship or our theological jealousies into the still sweet rest of heaven. Travelers as we are amidst the mists and shadows of this life, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that, in its dim and deceptive light, we should sometimes mistake a friend for a foe, or turn away from a brother as if he were a stranger and an alien. But the night is far spent, the day is at hand; not distant is the hour when the sun of our souls shall rise full-orbed on our waiting eyes, and the mists shall disperse and the shadows flee away forever; and then,—then at last, if not now, we shall recognize in every soul that has ever loved and lived for Christ the face of a brother and a friend."

The catholic tone and sentiment here expressed are singularly in contrast with the spirit exhibited by the English bishops in their discussions on the revision of the English translation of the Bible. The better sentiment, though working its way through the most formidable obstacles, will prevail at last.

---

LET your soul be the constant object of your care and attention. Be sorry for its impurities, its spots and imperfections, and study all the holy arts of restoring it to its natural and primitive purity. Nourish it with good works; give it peace in solitude, get it strength in prayer, make it wise with reading, enlighten it with meditation, make it tender with love, sweeten it with humility, humble it with patience, enliven it with psalms and hymns, and comfort it with frequent reflections upon future glory. Keep it in the presence of God, and teach it to imitate those guardian angels which, though they attend to human affairs and the lowest of mankind, yet "always behold the face of their Father who is in heaven."—*Law's Serious Call.*

## RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

## TRYING TO SING.

I stand on Times's mysterious brink,  
And send an outward gaze,  
Where throngs of spirits rise or sink  
At parting of the ways.

Upward towards the sun-lit rooms  
They climb the shining stairs,  
Or downward through the swirling glooms  
Sink to their long despairs.

And happy thrills of song and lyre  
Came from the angel train ;  
And upward through the crater-fire  
The muffled groans of pain.

And as I heard, my song uprose  
To catch that heavenly air,  
But straightway on my lips it froze  
To agonizing prayer.

O ye that climb the stairs above,  
And crowd up nigh the throne,  
How can ye sing redeeming love,  
And see its work half done?

O thou Great Mercy ! folding all  
Beneath thy brooding wing, —  
Those who to thee for pity call,  
Or their redemption sing, —

I ask not through the highest room  
Of heavenly state to go ;  
But downward through the thickest gloom  
Of any child of woe.

Did not thy Christ go down to hell  
And cut its brazen bars,  
Before he sought his coronal,  
His golden crown of stars?

Are not they all my kith and kin,  
And children, Lord, of thine,  
Alike who beg in rags of sin,  
In jeweled robes who shine?

We all are beggars: poor and bare  
We stand before thy face,  
Save when in borrowed robes we flare,  
And shinings of thy grace.

I raise no song of victory,  
I hold no waving palm;  
I breathe upon the minor key  
My penitential psalm.

I share my brother's griefs, I list  
The undertones of pain,  
Until the day thy conquering Christ  
Goes up with all his train.

S.

## SOME REMINISCENCES OF FATHER TAYLOR.

I first heard Father Taylor early in 1835, in the midst of his sail-ors at his Bethel in Boston. He was then in his full vigor, the house was crowded, and the pulpit stairs were occupied clear up to the preacher. His eloquence was marvelous; his control over the audience seemed almost absolute. Tears and smiles chased each other over our faces like the rain and sunshine of an April day. The sermon was extempore in the strictest sense of the word: that is to say, he did not know when uttering one sentence what the next sentence was to be, and often at the beginning of a sentence he did not know what its close was to be, but abandoned himself to the stream of feeling and suggestion that bore him on. Of course he very soon deserted his text, though he might have kept up an imperceptible connection with it. Two characteristics gave tone and power to his marvelous eloquence. He had one of

the most brilliant imaginations that ever sparkled and burned. His sermon was all poetry, though it came in bursts and jets of flame. It was like the dance of the aurora, changing all the while from silver flame to purple and back again. But the secret of his magnetic power was not here: it was in his overflowing sympathies, that leaped over all barriers, and had no regard for time or place. There was no wall of formality between him and his hearers any more than if he were talking to each one of us in a private room. He would single out a person in his audience, talk to him individually with the same freedom as if he met him in the street. "Ah, my jolly tar," turning to a sailor who happened at that moment to catch his eye, "here you are in port again, God bless you! See to your helm, and you will reach a fairer port by and by. Hark! don't you hear the bells of heaven over the sea?"

After sermon there was an infant baptism. He caught the babe from its mother's arms, held it up and waved it before the audience,—"What a pity it would be if those sweet lips should ever be stained with a lie!" He then baptized it, and covered its face with kisses. The babe was as quiet as if on its mother's breast; for it felt the sphere of that great-hearted love.

I shall not forget my first introduction to Father Taylor. I had written a little book on Regeneration at the request and suggestion of the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, my good friend, Rev. Calvin Lincoln. Some months afterward I was called upon to preside at one of the morning prayer meetings, anniversary week, meetings which Father Taylor was fond of attending. We had a good meeting, and the Spirit was with us. After the meeting broke up, and I was passing out of the church, I found Father Taylor had planted himself at the door. "There," said he, "I've read you and seen you and heard you, and now I want to feel you;" and, seizing hold of me, he did not merely shake my hand, but shook me all over, as if he could not get me close enough into his warm-hearted fellowship. I never quite understood how, with his view of the atonement, which was strictly orthodox, he found an open way for us Unitarians into heaven, and I do not suppose he knew himself, or very much cared; only he felt sure we should be there, for the wide arms of his loving fellowship could not leave us out.

After his Bethel in Boston had become such a decided success, and the centre of marked influence, his friendship with Unitarians troubled some of his orthodox neighbors. A highly distinguished

clergyman of the exclusive school, Dr. ———, called one day upon Father Taylor (this comes to me on excellent authority), and in a remarkably genial mood told him he had come to help him.

"We feel," said he, "a very great interest in your enterprise; we think it is doing great good in the city. Our denomination propose to support you in it."

"Thanks to the Lord for anybody who is going to help us," said Father Taylor.

There is one condition about it," said Dr. ———: "you must not fellowship the Unitarians."

"Dr. ———," said Father Taylor, we presume with a countenance lighted up with its native fire, "I can't do without the Unitarians, *but I can do without you.*"

#### SOMETHING IN IT.

"The Independent" acknowledges frankly that it does not accept or reject articles merely from an estimate of their intrinsic merit. "The name of a well-known writer adds much to the value of what he writes, and we are possessed of enough 'carnal venality' to prefer paying a man whom everybody knows a large price for a good article rather than to pay nothing for an anonymous contribution of equal value." There is something in this. People *will* read articles under distinguished names which they would not look at otherwise; dull prose becomes brilliant, and ordinary jingle is the music of the spheres. It is rather hard, however, for those poor nobodys who write well. How are they to become "writers well-known" if their good things are not printed? Their case seems like that of the poor boy whose mother charged him never to go into the water till he had learned to swim.

#### PROTECTION.

The President and the advocates of the new annexation scheme want Dominica in order to protect it from its piratical neighbors without and insurrection within; and the Commissioners say we must be quick about it or the present government will submerge. How is it at home? Would it not be well to ask what protection we have given to our own wards before we adopt new ones? Mr. Lowe says, in his excellent article on the Indians in "Old and New," that, while our government has found no money by which to establish schools among them, it has expended in making war upon

them, during the last fifty years, five hundred million dollars — by one estimate one billion dollars — and twenty thousand lives ; and a committee of investigation, with Gen. Sherman for chairman, say that in these wars "*we have been uniformly unjust.*" Their report gives a specimen of the way in which these wars originate, — thus :

"Five hundred Indians, men, women, and children, were induced to go to Fort Learned, in Kansas, under a pledge of protection from our government ; and while there, without a shadow of pretext, a regiment of Colorado cavalry marched from Denver, surrounded their camp, and began an indiscriminate slaughter. It was a massacre that scarcely has its parallel in the records of Indian barbarity. Fleeing women, holding up their hands and praying for mercy, were brutally shot down ; infants were killed and scalped in derision ; men were tortured and mutilated in a manner that would put to shame the savage ingenuity of interior Africa. No one will be astonished that a war ensued which cost the government thirty million dollars, and carried conflagration and death to the border settlements."

Our good President has inaugurated a more humane policy ; but there is a ring of politicians trying to drive him from it, and the policy would be pretty likely to be abandoned with a change of administration.

"Protection"! how does our government protect its own loyalists at the South? In Mississippi one hundred persons have been murdered in one month ; and a citizen writes, says "The Commonwealth," "It is nothing but murder, murder, murder, and the most awful whippings and abusings of the negroes you ever heard of." The force bill has been passed ; but, if the Ku-Klux demonism is still rampant, it will take one hundred thousand men to enforce it throughout the Southern States. If Dominica is annexed, it must be garrisoned with government troops to "protect" it. One would think our first duty to be to protect our own people first, and give them the privileges of education and civilization. The force bill will be repealed if a Democratic administration comes in. What some writers mean who think we can absorb the whole continent, and transform it as by magic into civilized States, we cannot conceive.

#### "THE ANNUAL FARCE."

"The Independent" hits the mark exactly when it describes by these words the Massachusetts Fast Day. Nobody does fast on that day. They shoot birds, play base ball, and go to ride, while

a handful of people get into a few of the churches and do all the vicarious "humiliation and prayer," and "the whole transaction as it now stands is a piece of official hypocrisy."

#### GOOD THINGS FROM "GOOD HEALTH."

"Good Health" comes every month generously laden with good medical advice and knowledge of the latest discoveries in medical science, enlivened with bright things interspersed here and there. It has an article on the new sleep-compeller, and warns people against its unskillful use. The temptation to use it is very great when one wishes to drown the consciousness of distress and pain. It is a late discovery, and promises to be a panacea for a multitude of ills. But it is becoming an ingredient in quack medicines, against which form the writer gives a note of alarm. We give the following excerpts on this and other things:—

"HYDRATE OF CHORAL.—We find it employed in cases of 'maniacal paroxysms,' 'delirium tremens,' 'traumatic tetanus,' chorea, diarrhoea, whooping cough, convulsions (epileptic or otherwise), with more or less benefit; it allays vomiting and prevents sea-sickness; in puerpeal mania it is well reported of; in fact, as a sleep-compeller it is, in a very large number of cases, unrivaled; for, while in power opium alone can be compared with it, there is this superiority to opium, that its use entails no unpleasant after-symptoms, no headache, no nausea, no anorexia, no constipation, whilst the sleep it produces is gentle, calm, and continued: at least, this is the general rule, but, of course, there are exceptions."

"THE GOOD NURSE.—She is distinct, but not loud,—there is nothing more aggravating in a sick-room than a whisper. Though quiet, she never walks tiptoe, never makes gestures,—all is open and above board. Her shoes never creak. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She does not potter. She never looks sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, of course, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were cracking a nut in the hinge. She never talks behind it. She never peeps. She pokes the fire skillfully, with firm, judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if he were well. She is never in a hurry. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physic, which, however, she knows at the right time how to conceal."

"POLITENESS is the last touch, the finishing perfection of a noble character. It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight in the corn-field, the



smile on the lip of the noble knight, lowering his sword-point to his lady-love. It results only from the truest balance and harmony of soul."

"THE LATE WAR is likely to afford some valuable statistics. Investigations are being made in order to ascertain the comparative healthiness of consumers of alcohol and total abstainers. It has already been discovered that married soldiers in the German army are much more healthy than unmarried."

"NARROW-MINDED MEN who have not a thought beyond their own outlook remind one of the Hindoo maxim: 'The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe.'"

#### DULL SERMONS.

They are quite as often the result of bad air in church as of any other cause. If congregations *will* crowd into unventilated rooms, if parishes and parish committees will take no measures to secure a good oxygenized atmosphere Sunday morning for preachers and hearers, they should cease to complain of sleepy services. How long can a church live under an exhausted receiver? would be a good question for the local conferences. There is something worse than ludicrous in seeing people get together and pray for the Holy Spirit, which is the same as divine air, when they have shut out the air which God has already sent them, and are trying to live on mephitic gas exhaled from each other's lungs. Recently, at the oratorio of Elijah, at the Mechanic Hall in Salem, which is poorly ventilated, when they came to the scene of the widow's dead son, a lady remarked, "Elijah never will bring that boy to life in this atmosphere." Our prophets never will bring our congregations to life in such atmosphere as fills many of our churches on Sunday.

#### A SUNDAY AT PARK-STREET CHURCH.

Having a day of rest, I improved it by attending church and hearing Mr. Murray preach. With two long rows of strangers waiting in the porch and on the stairs, the regular worshipers had to pass between them to their places in the church. After these were all in, we—the strangers—were very kindly cared for in seats ranged through the aisles and extending nearly to the pulpit stairs. We were also kindly remembered in Mr. Murray's prayer, and made to feel that we were not out of place, and as warmly welcome as the regular worshipers. It was a goodly sight to see such

a church packed full with intelligent and highly interested auditors ; for such their upturned faces showed them to be. Mr. Murray has a rare opportunity, and I was exceedingly interested to learn how he would improve it ; and whether he would be tempted to play upon his audience for mere effect, and whether their souls or their applause would be the more precious in his sight.

It was a straight orthodox sermon on the Divine Justice from the text, "Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne." If any one has ever supposed that Mr. Murray has gained his popularity through a partial surrender of his orthodoxy, this sermon might dissipate his illusion. It was somewhat rhetorical, and a Unitarian would say shockingly illogical, but it was thoroughly orthodox. To the question, "Would Griffin ever have dreamed of a Murray?" the answer would be, "He never dreamed of anything else." Much to Mr. Murray's credit, he does not stand on an orthodox platform for the sake of knocking it in pieces. Moreover, his sermon was not sensational in style or delivery, and I conclude that orthodoxy is not going to merge in rationalism in order to gain numbers or perpetuate its existence.

---

PRESERVE proportion in your reading, keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one ; as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true ; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only *narrow*, but *false*. — *Dr. Arnold*.

WHAT is too great a load for those who have strength? What is distance to the indefatigable? What is a foreign country to those who have science? Who is a stranger to those who have the habit of speaking kindly? — *Vishnu Sarma*.

THE very life and soul of friendship stands in freedom tempered with wisdom and faithfulness. Love with compassion and patience to *bear all* and *hope all* and not to be easily provoked.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TEN GREAT RELIGIONS. An Essay in Comparative Theology.  
By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

In the February number of "The Radical" appeared an article by Col. T. W. Higginson, "The Sympathy of Religions," containing truth and error, history and fable, so mixed together and with such show of erudition that it required a skillful hand to sift the wheat from the tares. One would conclude, following the lead of Mr. Higginson, that the other religions of the world were pretty much on a par with Christianity: that they, on the whole, had the preference, since most of them were older and the best things in Christianity were plagiarized from them. Mr. Higginson does not say this, but implication is sometimes more effective than direct assertion. Dr. Clarke's book does not come in the way of answer to Mr. Higginson. It is the result of a life-long study and ripe and careful scholarship, but it wipes clean out the specious arguments of Free Religion, for it shows how all the other great religions have educated the world for Christianity; how they are only ethnic, while Christianity is absolute and universal, taking up their partial truths and fusing them in one great Catholic system, complementing them in a religion which is the fullness of the Godhead. Dr. Clarke is all-sided in the best sense of the word; he has a cordial welcome for what is good and true in all other creeds and systems, while seeing clearly their deficiencies, and that Christianity fulfills the desire of all nations. It is a book which will be widely read among all sects, and which speaks a timely word to this generation.

Estimated merely as an argument for Christianity, it is overloaded with matter. The writer gathers up more matter than can be wielded with clearness and directness of aim. But for that reason it will be valuable as a depository of fact and history, and as such the author undoubtedly designed it. It gives the results of the most recent investigations of German scholars, those specially referring to the Medo-Persian and Indian religions. On some points our readings and reasonings would differ from Dr. Clarke's. We do not believe that the doctrine of Satan came into the Jewish religion and thence

into Christianity from the Persian dualism. Dr. Clarke forgets that Babylonia, whence he supposes the Jews imported it, was inhabited, not by Aryan people, but by Semitic; nor do we believe that the Greek mysteries were imported from Egypt instead of being the normal development of the Aryan consciousness. Why not suppose that humanity is one so far forth that different people, each on its own line of development, originate like conceptions, especially when we find a tendency to them in all nations and ages. The Aryan people, not less than the Hebrew, had its prophets and seers from the earliest times, and the sibyl and the pythoiness were the more rude and the Orphic muse the more perfect manifestations of the prophetic function. Socrates himself said he had a revelation three days before his death. Phythagoras was half prophet and half philosopher, and Pindar was both poet and seer. Even Hesiod is said to have been a *diviner*, and who shall say that he might not have seen what he sings of the golden age, so like to what Moses tells us as the truth of inspiration? As for Satan, he is a live power in the consciousness wherever among any race there has been truth enough to cleave asunder the moral good and the moral evil in human nature, and set them in deadly array against each other. He is the almost inevitable personification of the evil side, at least the head and front of the evil power. But we have not time nor space nor inclination for criticism, and we only want to say that we regard this work as one of Dr. Clarke's best, and calculated to do excellent service in the Christian cause. s.

JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL. With an introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Charles Lamb said, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." A much better authority on such a subject is William Ellery Channing, who pronounced "John Woolman's Journal" the sweetest and purest autobiography in the English language, and expressed the wish to see it placed in the reach of all classes of readers. To these recommendations is now added that of Whittier, kindred in spirit with John Woolman. The charm in these pages is found in their sweet Quaker quietism, out of which, however, come earnest denunciations of wrong, especially slavery, their devout spirit, their broad catholicity, all set forth in a remarkably pure style. The publishers have rendered the public an excellent service in placing this neat little volume "within the reach of all classes of readers," as Channing desired it to be. s.

**HESPERIA.** By Cora L. V. Tappan. 1871.

This book deserves a much more elaborate notice than we can give to it now. It is evidently the result of a great deal of thought. It abounds in rich poetic imagery. It is marked by a high and solemn purpose. It is planned on a majestic scale. Its form is one which could be filled out only by a great poetic genius. Is the mind that shines through it and endows it with life equal to so great a work? To ask this question, and to answer it doubtfully, is not to speak disgracefully either of the book or the author. Both are very far beyond the common range of poetry. And yet the poem awakens hopes and expectations that look forward beyond what we find here for their fulfillment.

**THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET JEREMIAH.** Theologically and Homiletically Expounded. By Dr. C. W. Edward Naegelsback. Translated, enlarged, and edited by S. R. Asbury. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This, with a similar treatise on Lamentations, makes up one of the weighty, learned, substantial volumes of Lange's comprehensive, and as far as such a work can be, exhaustive Commentary on the Bible. It bears marks of study and of thought, and, we suppose, contains all the learning that can be brought to bear upon the subject.

**THE BAPTIST QUARTERLY.** April, 1871. Philadelphia.

This does credit to the denomination to which it belongs. It is earnest, scholarly, and Christian. We would especially commend the article on education as indicating that the Baptists do not intend to fall behind in the intellectual progress of the age.

**GINX'S BABY.** His Birth and other Misfortunes. A Satire. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A keen and powerful satire on some of the humane maxims and institutions of the day, well worthy the attention of thoughtful men and women.

**M. OR N.** By J. G. White Melville. New York: Leypoldt, Holt, & Williams. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Amusing and entertaining, the moral, perhaps, rather slack. Too sensational for our taste, and the beginning seems to be forgotten in the end.

